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HIS MAJESTY ALFONSO XIII. OF SPAIN, WHO TAKES THE OATH ON SATURDAY

The oath, administered by the President of the Chamber, runs: "Your Majesty will fulfil and will cause to be fulfilled the Constitution in force of the Spanish Monarchy?" The King replies, "Así lo juro" ("So I swear it")

The Tatler



London, May Fourteenth, 1902.

EDITORIAL AND GENERAL OFFICES:

Great New Street, London, E.C.

Telegraphic Address, "Sphere, London."

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

PHOTOGRAPHS.—The Editor is open to receive photographs of important current social events, of notable people, of interesting places, or of anything of an eccentric or uncommon nature likely to arouse interest. Full descriptive matter, together with the name and address of the sender, should always accompany such photographs. It must be distinctly understood that no one living in a country under the Berne Copyright Convention will be treated with who is not the owner of the copyright of the photograph submitted or who has not the permission in writing of the owner of the copyright to submit the photograph to the Editor of THE TATLER for reproduction. All photographs used will be liberally paid for.

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The Paris Offices of THE TATLER are at 167, Rue St. Honore, where the *Daily Messenger* is also published. Readers of and subscribers to THE TATLER are invited to call at these offices, where every information and assistance will be gladly afforded them.

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WHAT TO SEE IN LONDON. THEATRES.

Adelphi (Strand)—*Sapho*, at 8. Matinee on Saturday, at 2.
Apollo (Shaftesbury Avenue)—*Three Little Maids*, at 8. Matinee, May 17, at 2.
Avenue (Northumberland Avenue)—*The Little French Milliner*, at 9. Preceded, at 8.15, by *The Wicked Uncle*. Matinees on Wednesday and Saturday, at 3.
Covent Garden—Royal Opera every evening at 7.30 or 8.
Criterion (Piccadilly Circus)—*A Country Mouse*, at 9. Preceded, at 8.15, by *A Bit of Old Chelsea*. Matinee on Saturday, at 3.
Daly's (Leicester Square)—*A Country Girl*, at 8.15. Matinee on Saturday, at 2.30.
Drury Lane—*Ben Hur*, at 8. Matinees on Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.
Duke of York's (St. Martin's Lane)—*The Gay Lord Quex*, at 8. Matinee on Saturday at 2.
Gaiety (345, Strand, W.C.)—*The Toreador*, at 8. Matinee on Saturday, at 2.
Garrick (Charing Cross Road)—*Pilkerton's Peerage*, at 8.20. Matinee on Saturday, at 2.30.
Haymarket—*Caste*, at 8.30. Matinees on Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.30.
Her Majesty's (Haymarket)—*Ulysses*, at 8.30. Matinees on Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.15.
Lyceum (Wellington Street)—*Faust*, at 8. Matinee on Saturday, at 2.
Lyric (Shaftesbury Avenue)—*Mice and Men*, at 8.15. Matinees on Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.5.
Princess's (Oxford Street)—*Arizona*, at 8.30. Matinee on Saturday, at 2.30.
Prince of Wales's (Piccadilly Circus)—*The President*, at 9. Preceded by *Miss Bramshott's Engagement*, at 8.15. Matinee on Saturday, at 3.
St. James's (King Street)—*Paolo and Francesca*, at 8.30. Matinees on Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.15.
Savoy (between 95 and 96 Strand, W.C.)—*Merrie England*, at 8.15. Matinee on Saturday, at 2.30.
Strand (68, Strand)—*A Chinese Honeymoon*, at 8. Matinees on Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.15.
Terry's (Strand)—*My Pretty Maid*, at 9. Preceded at 8.15 by *Holly Tree Inn*. Matinee on Saturday, at 2.30.
Vaudeville (Strand)—*Blue-Bell*, at 8.15. Matinees on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 2.15.
Wyndham's (Charing Cross Road)—*Still Waters Run Deep*, on May 14, at 9, for twelve nights. Matinees on Saturday, May 17, and Wednesday, May 21, at 2.30.

VARIOUS OTHER ENTERTAINMENTS.

Hippodrome (Cranbourn Street, W.C.), at 2 and 7.45.
Maskelyne's (Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly), at 3 and 8.
Royal Aquarium (Westminster), open at 10 a.m.
Alhambra (Leicester Square, W.C.)—"Gretchen Green," at 8.5.
Empire (Leicester Square), at 8. *Ballets*—"Les Papillons," at 8.25; "Old China," at 10.25.
Oxford (14, Oxford Street), at 7.25. Matinee on Saturday, at 2.15.
Palace (Cambridge Circus, W.C.), at 8. Matinee on Saturday, at 2.
Pavilion (Piccadilly Circus), at 7.45. Matinee on Saturday, at 2.15.
Tivoli (65, Strand, W.C.), at 7.30. Matinee on Saturday, at 2.15.
Royal (Holborn), at 7.30. Matinee on Saturday, at 2.15. Special Matinee every Thursday, at 2.45.

MAINLY DURING THE DAY.

Bethnal Green Museum (Cambridge Road, E.)—Free daily. On Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.; on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6:30 p.m.; 2 to 6.
British Museum (Bloomsbury, W.C.)—Free week-days, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.
Chancery Lane Safe Deposit—Free daily, 9 to 6.
Dulwich Picture Gallery—Free week-days, 10 to 6.
Geology Museum (28, Jernyn Street)—Free: Mondays and Saturdays, 10 to 10; other week-days, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 6.
Greenwich Hospital—*Painted Hall* open free daily, 10 to 6; on Sundays after 2. *Royal Naval Museum and Chapel*, free daily (except Sundays and Fridays), 10 to 6.
Guildhall Library—Free, 10 to 6. **Museum**—Free, 10 to 5. Saturdays, 10 to 6.
Hampton Court Palace—Free, daily, 10 to dusk; except on Fridays.
Houses of Parliament (Westminster)—Open on Saturdays, 10 to 4 (no admission after 3.30); tickets gratis, at entrance.
Kensington Palace (the birthplace of Queen Victoria)—Free daily (except Wednesday) from 10 to 6. Sunday 2 to 6.
Kew Gardens (Richmond)—Free, daily, 10 till dusk; on Sundays, 1 p.m. till dusk.
Madame Tussaud's Waxwork (Marylebone Rd.)—10 to 10.
Military and Naval Museum (the old Banqueting Hall of Charles I., Whitehall)—Every week-day, 11 to 6; admission 6d.
Mint (Little Tower Hill)—Free admission, 10 to 4; Saturdays 10 to 11. By applying in writing to the Master of the Mint at least a week before visit.
National Gallery (Trafalgar Square, W.C.)—Free on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, 11 to 6 (incl.). Open on Sundays, 2 to 5.
National Portrait Gallery (St. Martin's Place, W.C.)—Same conditions as the National Gallery.
Natural History Museum (South Kensington)—Open 10 to 6. On Saturdays and Mondays closes at 8.
Royal Botanic Gardens (Regent's Park)—Open daily, from 9 to sunset on a Member's order: Mondays and Saturdays, by payment of 1s. Other days by Fellow's order only.
Royal College of Surgeons (Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.)—Visitors are admitted by orders from members or by application to the Secretary on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, 10 to 4.
Soane Museum (13, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.)—Admission by ticket obtainable from the Curator.
St. Paul's Cathedral—Open daily from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
Tate Gallery (Millbank)—Free on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 6; 6d. on Thursdays and Fridays, 11 to 5. Open on Sundays, 2 to 6.
Tower of London—Open daily (except Sundays), 10 to 6. Armouries and Crown Jewels, free on Mondays and Saturdays, other days 1s.
Victoria and Albert Museum (South Kensington)—The whole Museum is free on Mondays, Tuesdays, Saturdays, 10 to 10. On Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays open 10 to dusk. 6d. Admission to Main Building. Scientific and Indian Sections free. On Sunday the whole museum (except the libraries) is open free from 2 p.m. till 6.
Wallace Collection (Hertford House, Manchester Square)—Free on Mondays 12 to 6; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6. Sixpence admission on Tuesdays and Fridays, 11 to 6. Children under 8 not admitted, under 12 only with adults.
Westminster Abbey—Closed until after the Coronation.
Zoological Gardens (Regent's Park, N.W.)—Every week-day, 9 a.m. to sunset, 1s. (on Mondays 6d.). On Sundays only by order from a Member.

CRITERION THEATRE. Lessee and Manager, Mr. Charles Wyndham. Mr. FRANK CURZON'S Season. Every Evening, at 9 o'clock, a New Play. Miss ANNIE HUGHES in A COUNTRY MOUSE. By Arthur Law.

Preceded at 8.15 by "A BIT OF OLD CHELSEA," by Mrs. Oscar Beringer. Miss Annie Hughes as "Saucers" (her original character). Doors open 7.50. Matinee every Saturday at 3. Box Office, 10 to 10. Transferred from the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

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IN THE EMPRESS THEATRE, THE PALAIS DU COSTUME. A pageant of Costumes from 4,400 B.C. to 1902 A.D. THE NEW PARISIAN THEATRE OF THE JARDIN DE PARIS.

THE PALAIS DES ILLUSIONS, THE GREAT MOVING STEREOGRAM, THE RIVER STYX, LE MANEGE MERVEILLEUX, THE Topsy-Turvy HOUSE, THE HALL OF JOY AND REJOICINGS, THE PARIS MORGUE, THE TERRORS OF THE BASTILLE.

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GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

The FOLLOWING THROUGH EXPRESS TRAINS will NOT BE RUN:— WHIT SUNDAY. 12.0 midnight, PLYMOUTH to PADDINGTON.

WHIT MONDAY.

7.25 a.m. Paddington to Penzance as between Paddington and Plymouth.
 9.35 a.m. Paddington to Southampton as between Newbury, Winchester, and Southampton.
 10.45 a.m. Paddington to New Milford.
 11.35 a.m. Paddington to Kingswear.
 1.40 p.m. Paddington to Hereford, Kidderminster, and Stourbridge Junction.
 2.10 p.m. Paddington to Chester as between Paddington and Birmingham.
 3.35 p.m. Paddington to Swansea.
 4.45 p.m. Paddington to Wolverhampton as between Paddington and Oxford.
 5.0 p.m. Paddington to Weymouth.
 5.15 p.m. Paddington to Weston-super-Mare as between Chippenham and Bristol.
 6.50 a.m. Weston-super-Mare to Paddington as between Bristol and Paddington.
 7.20 a.m. Wolverhampton to Paddington as between Oxford and Paddington.
 8.30 a.m. Swansea to Paddington.
 10.0 a.m. Shrewsbury to Paddington as between Birmingham and Paddington.
 10.40 a.m. New Milford to Paddington.
 11.30 a.m. Newton Abbot to Paddington.
 12.45 p.m. from Hereford and the 12.37 p.m. from Stourbridge Junction and Kidderminster to Paddington.
 1.10 p.m. Weymouth to Paddington.
 For particulars of other and local trains discontinued or altered during the Holidays, see SPECIAL NOTICES.

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"Three Little Maids" and "The Finding of Nancy."

The new Apollo entertainment, *Three Little Maids*, written and composed by Paul Rubens, must prove something of a disappointment to those who expected it to show progress on the lines so well laid down in the musical version of *Kitty Grey*, and the regret will be all the greater because anticipation appeared likely to be satisfied when the pretty title of the new play was announced with the names of the principals.

It was generally understood that *Three Little Maids* would, dramatically, be something better than a musical play, as we are accustomed to use that term, and yet it is simply the old form with a chorus of twelve instead of seventy. Mr. Edwardes, although he is responsible, can hardly be blamed for the disappointment. He has engaged the best possible artists, and has provided beautiful scenery and delightful costumes. The music without being distinctive might pass, but the story is too thin for a three-act play. It concerns itself with three girls—daughters of a country clergyman—whose sole subject of conversation is the pursuit of man.

Market Mallory, a quiet country place, could—prior to the opening of the story—provide them with no quarry other than the curate. The arrival, however, of Lady St. Mallory at her house in the neighbourhood, accompanied by three ladies and three gentlemen from London, alters the condition of affairs. On the golf links Lady St. Mallory renews acquaintance with the county maids and introduces them to her town friends. The seeming simplicity of the maids in white frocks easily defeats the plans of their aristocratic newly-found rivals. The three men fall in love with the little schemers, and the act ends as the maids leave for London, where Lady St. Mallory is taking them to assist her in a tea shop. The following act brings all the parties together again at this tea shop in Bond Street, and the last, at Lady St. Mallory's country house, provides a ball-room scene, where each of the three little maids receives the expected offer of marriage, and accepts it.

That is rather a short story, for there are no complications worth mentioning to make a three-act play. Mr. Edwardes will probably be disappointed with the first result, but as he has often proved successful in building up an attractive entertainment out of what was at the first performances looked upon as a poor play he may effect a considerable change for

the better in his latest production. It was stated some months ago in THE TATLER that he was anxious to provide, if possible, a really good light comedy and to enliven it with music. *Three Little Maids* hardly realises the idea.

The three maids are represented by Miss Edna May, Miss Hilda Moody, and Miss Madge Crichton. All three are of equal prominence. Each one has about the same number of songs, and as each in turn has pretty much the same sort of scenes honours are fairly easy. Miss Hilda Moody, however, has in Act II, the singing of the number that will be regarded as the plum of the piece. This is, "She was a Miller's Daughter." She sang it excellently, too, making the most of the point in the lines, which to say the least is not too fine; indeed, most of Mr. Rubens's fun, except such as Mr. George Huntley gives such droll expression to, is of a very free and easy type. Miss Edna May has a song, "Dearie, My Sweet," followed by a dance at the end of Act II., that will probably be her best number in the piece. It is American in style, and the lights on the stage are lowered for it. Mr. Maurice Farkoa, Mr. John Beauchamp, and Mr. George P. Huntley are continually on and off without any great opportunities to do much, but Mr. Huntley scores every time he shows himself.

Miss Netta Syrett's play, *The Finding of Nancy*, which won the Playgoers' Club prize, was produced at the St. James's on Thursday amid great enthusiasm. Frankly, I expected to be bored; in reality I was intensely interested, perhaps because of the problem itself apart from its setting. A well-bred girl from the country is thrown by stress of her economic condition, and not of her personal tastes, into London to earn her living as a typist. She is absolutely alone; she has no inclination to make friends with the other typists in her office. The only way she has of spending her evenings is to continue her typing work in her rooms. She gets to know a journalist named Fielding, whose wife—a drunkard—is living apart from him. The young man, despite his apparent blackguardness, is quite "a decent sort"; he does a great deal to relieve the monotony of the girl's life. But the time arrives when he says to her, "I can't remain your friend without being your lover—choose." The girl is not in love with the man, but she consents

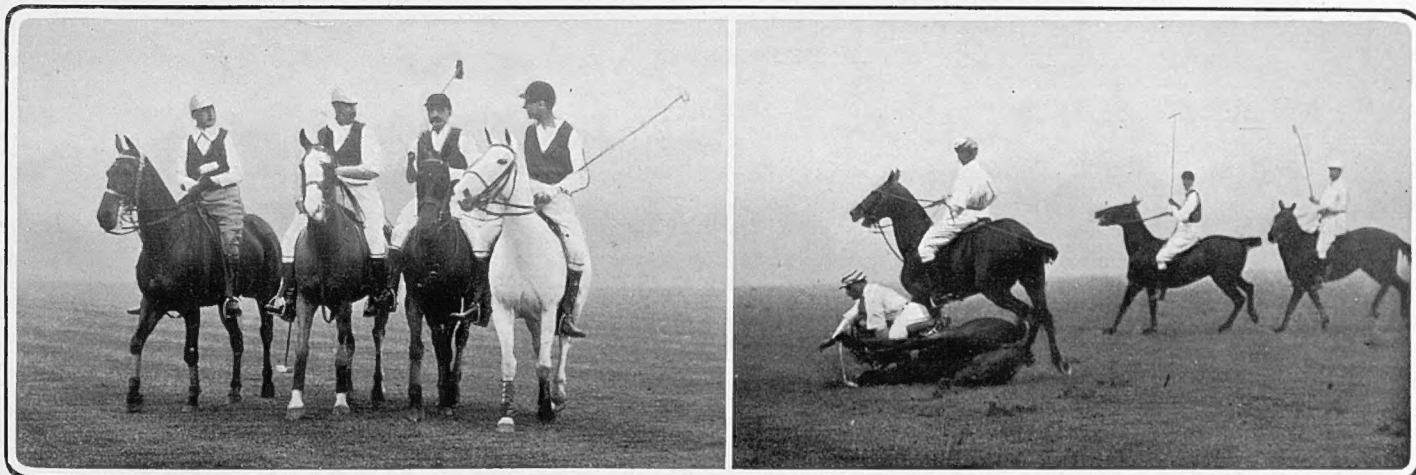
to the proposal rather than that the last touch of human sympathy should be blotted out of her life. "The world," she says, "is full of women who are waiting," and she has the "courage" to wait no longer.

Now Miss Syrett does not cog the dice as Mrs. Clifford did in *The Likeness of the Night* by creating a perfectly artificial reason why the alliance of Nancy and Fielding should turn out a failure. Nancy and Fielding are perfectly happy in their comradeship till the point when the death of Fielding's wife makes it possible for him to ask Nancy to marry him. She meantime, however, has cast her eyes on another man, and she is not "found" until she discovers that Fielding (whom she has practically dismissed) has proposed to marry someone else. That, I take it, is very feminine, and it is not in the least admirable; but I like Miss Syrett's courage in that she frankly gives us a woman who is not an immaculate heroine. The first act is masterly, the rest becomes matronly.

An interesting feature of the play is the remarkable way in which the first act plays itself. There is almost an Ibsenitic touch in its quality in this respect which is very rare in the average play. The absolute unanswerableness of some of the dialogue really makes the actress.

Everybody acted capital'y, notably Miss Braithwaite, who surprised us all by her dramatic force as Nancy; Miss Madge McIntosh as her friend; and Mr. Aubrey Smith as her lover, though he is certainly not one of the romantics. Mr. Alexander appeared as what Freddy Tatton would call a "silly ass," and Mr. Tree walked on as a German count who did not speak. Mr. H. R. Hignett made a hit as a captain who was hanging about Nancy, and among others Miss Carlotta Addison and Miss M. Talbot were charming as old ladies. I wish Miss Beardsley would give up the Japanese gestures of her hands so reminiscent of her brother's work.

The success of *Blue-Bell in Fairyland* at the Vaudeville is very gratifying to me because it corroborates a theory I have long held. An ideal Christmas entertainment, it has because it is pretty run into a May which has been almost wintry in point of weather. Miss Terriss is without a rival in this kind of playlet and the whole company is excellent



The American team, which was beaten by Hurlingham on Saturday

One of the Hurlingham players gets a nasty fall

THE OPENING OF THE POLO SEASON AT HURLINGHAM

A NOVEL PRIZE COMPETITION.

Those who have not entered already can do so this week.

First Prize—A 105 Guinea Broadwood Grand Piano.

Second Prize—A beautiful Colour Drawing by Maurice Greiffenhagen, Value 30 Guineas.

Third Prize—An Original Drawing by Charles Wyllie, Value 20 Guineas.

Fourth Prize—Nine Bound Volumes of "The Sphere."

Fifth Prize—Four Bound Volumes of "The Tatler."

This competition began in the issue of March 19. Back numbers can be obtained from the news-agent or at the bookstall, or from the publisher, "Tatler" Office, Great New Street, E.C.

Owing to the popularity of the puzzle competitions, which were begun in the Christmas number of THE TATLER, we have decided to offer our readers an Easter gift in the shape of an entirely new and perfectly simple competition. As will be seen from the ninth of the series, which is given below, no technical or special knowledge whatever is required. Every competitor will start so to speak from the same mark, and will have an equal chance of winning one of the prizes.

By arrangement with Messrs. Broadwood, the well-known pianoforte makers, we are offering as first prize one of their 105 guinea pianos.

The name of Broadwood is so well known that there is no need to say anything about the quality of this instrument;



THE FIRST PRIZE
A 105 guinea Broadwood grand piano

the name of its maker is sufficient guarantee. The piano can be seen at Messrs. Broadwood's showrooms, 33, Great Pulteney Street, close to Piccadilly Circus, W., any day between ten and six o'clock.

As second prize the proprietors of *The Sphere*, who are also the proprietors of THE TATLER, are giving a magnificent framed painting in colours by Maurice Greiffenhagen valued at 30 guineas, and as third prize a framed drawing by Charles Wyllie valued at 20 guineas. The fourth prize will be nine bound volumes of *The Sphere*, containing Nos. 1 to 127. The fifth prize will be four bound volumes of THE TATLER, containing Nos. 1 to 52.

N.B.—This competition began on March 19, but readers can still enter for it by ordering back numbers, as solutions must not be sent in till the series is complete.

WHAT COMPETITORS HAVE TO DO.

1. This competition, which began on March 19, will run for one week more, closing on Wednesday, May 21. Solutions from competitors in the British Islands can be received any time from May 21 up to Saturday, May 31, but in accordance with the wishes of several of our readers on the Continent and in the colonies we have decided to extend the time for such competitors. Solutions, therefore, bearing a foreign post-mark will be received up to June 30.

2. Competitors must write clearly on a sheet of note paper the proverb or quotation concealed in the monograms each week, and when the series of ten is complete forward their answers to—

The Monogram Editor,
"The Tatler,"

6, Great New Street,
London, E.C.

posting them so as to arrive at this office not later than the first post on Saturday morning, May 31 (in the cases of competitors abroad, June 30). Competitors may send in as many solutions as they wish, but each solution must be accompanied by the corresponding monogram, which must be cut from this page each week.

3. The first prize will be awarded to the competitor who succeeds in deciphering correctly the largest number of proverbs or quotations. The second, third, fourth, and fifth prizes will be awarded to the competitors



MONOGRAM COMPETITION No. 9—A WELL-KNOWN QUOTATION

who decipher correctly the next largest number of proverbs or quotations.

4. In the unlikely event of a tie or ties for any of the prizes the Editor reserves to himself the right to decide how the prizes shall be awarded, and it must be understood that all who enter agree that the Editor's decision on all matters of dispute must be regarded as final.

Gossip of the Hour.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.—*Steele.*

The Opening of Earl's Court.—The time for outdoor amusements has come with the opening of Earl's Court Exhibition, which has



THE OPENING OF EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION

"Paris in London"—The Rue de Paris

come to be regarded, and rightly so, as a feature of London life. No summer would be complete without it. Call it what you will, "Paris in London" or anything else, it is for Londoners and the great crowds of visitors from the country Earl's Court for short. These words spell popularity. Much of the success of the exhibition depends on fine weather and the bands. In the former respect the exhibition authorities have been fortunate in previous years, and if "King's weather" favours the period of the coronation Earl's Court will doubtless be just as largely attended this season as ever. As regards the music I am glad to see that the band of the Grenadier Guards, under the spirited direction of Mr. A. Williams, is again *en évidence*. There are also French military bands, which have doubtless been imported in order to aid in the local colour.

Picturesque Paris.—No special changes have been made in the permanent buildings for the simple reason that they are not necessary, but in what has hitherto been known as "Picturesque England" a change has indeed come over the scene. By a remarkably clever rearrangement a great deal of walking space has been secured, and a splendid avenue, dominated by the Great Wheel, which revolves as majestically as ever, has been made. Here, in "Picturesque Paris" as it is called, is the newly-erected Jardin de Paris Theatre, a pretty building with open trelliswork sides and further adorned with palms, where a variety and musical entertainment takes place three times daily by French artists, whose merits I have yet to test. It is worthy of note that the hours of the evening performances have been wisely arranged so that those who dine early as well as those who prefer the later function may be equally satisfied.

The Thames Greyhounds.—So London in the coronation year is to be steamerless, a result mainly due to Parliament's love of Mr. A. F. Hills and dislike of the London County Council. Mr. Hills's excuse for withdrawing his fleet is that the service did not pay, but it is generally understood that the real reason why the Thames greyhounds have ceased to ply for hire is that they have been Morganeered for the great shipping combine. It is to be hoped that they will not be subsidised by the United States Government as torpedo destroyers in case of a war with England.

Weymouth's Benefactor.—Sir Frederick Johnstone, who has just made a present of some most valuable property to the town of

Weymouth in commemoration of the coronation, enjoys the distinction of having, like the King, Lord Rosebery, and some others, won the Derby twice. In 1883 a notable Derby was won by Sir Frederick Johnstone's horse, "St. Blaise," and just eight years afterwards "Common" carried the popular baronet's colours to victory in the same race. "Common," who in addition to the Derby won the Two Thousand Guineas and the St. Leger, was subsequently bought by Sir Blundell Maple for £16,000.

Royal Presents.—In view of the long list of presentations which will inevitably follow the coronation the King has ordered a large stock of the presentation jewellery in the shape of pins, brooches, &c., with which he is accustomed to reward certain services, especially those of an artistic nature. This jewellery is made of gold, enamel, and precious stones. The latter vary. Sometimes the device is a gold and enamelled crown over a large "E" in pearls; sometimes the "E" is in rubies, the royal colour. The result is very handsome and distinctive. The recipients usually wear the gift very prominently, and lead up to the subject in conversation.

The Queen's Gifts.—The Queen will also distribute a certain amount of jewellery on the same occasion, and she has her own special devices. A crown over a large "A" or a small "Alexandra" are the two forms, and the jewellery is the same as in the King's. Besides these there are joint gifts, when the present is conferred by both their Majesties. For this purpose there is a third form—an enamelled crown over a jewelled monogram of "E. A." together. These, for obvious reasons, are the most prized of all. Some idea of the number required may be gathered from the fact that the orders are given in dozens at a time.

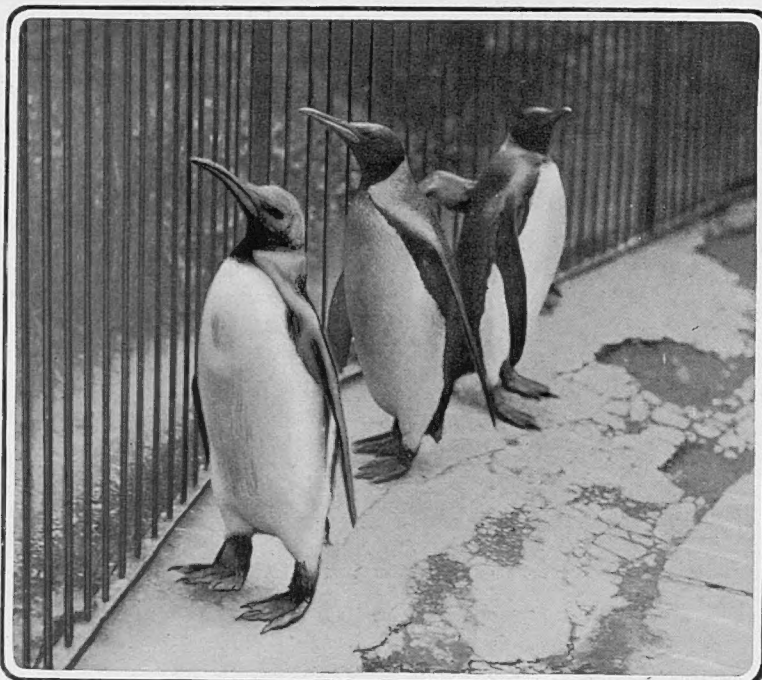


THE FAMOUS LITIGANT, MRS. CATHCART

A special jury sitting in the King's Bench Division under Mr. Justice Grantham decided that Mrs. Cathcart, who has been figuring in the High Court for many years, was unable to manage herself or her affairs

Newcomers at the Zoo.—The king penguins that have recently been added to the collection at the Zoo are a source of considerable interest and amusement to visitors. Their ridiculously human aspect as they march solemnly round the enclosure, like stiff-limbed old gentlemen of the seafaring type, appeals irresistibly to the most latent sense of humour. But when they take the water with the kind of lurch that sets them

GOSSIP OF THE HOUR.



NEW ARRIVALS AT THE ZOO—KING PENGUINS

These birds cause much amusement among the visitors owing to their solemn strut and ridiculously human aspect

rolling from side to side for some seconds till they get their balance one almost expects to hear from them a "Heave ho! steady boys!" Their mild eyes emit a kind of sleepy amazement at the noisy merriment of the real humans on the banks.

Fishing in the Streets for Trout.—There are not many large towns in Great Britain where people can be seen in the public streets fishing, that is certain, still fewer spots are there where such fine fish as trout may thus be caught on the King's highway; hence a photograph of an extraordinary method of sport daily in vogue during the season at Winchester cannot but prove extremely interesting. There are several minor streams that feed the river Itchen which flows so calmly and clear through the city. These streams often run quite open down a Winchester street here and there, or they thus run for a certain distance and are then conducted through underground passages for a fair length, after which they emerge once more to the light of day. Where they run underground there are in many places gratings that cover them from the street and lead the rain into them, but which are not sufficiently enclosed to prevent the keen fisherman (or boy) from dropping his baited line through the grating and patiently waiting for a bite. He very often gets such a bite, too, from a trout of good size, and he finds his line carried away some distance.

Elephant Shooting in London.—When one of the Indian elephants now performing in London ran amok last week his career on the war path was fortunately put an end to by Mr. W. W. Greener, the well-known rifle maker, who promptly despatched the dangerous beast with a dose of cordite and nickel. I understand that the elephant who was thus cut off in the flower of his youth is being stuffed and will shortly be on view at 68, Haymarket.

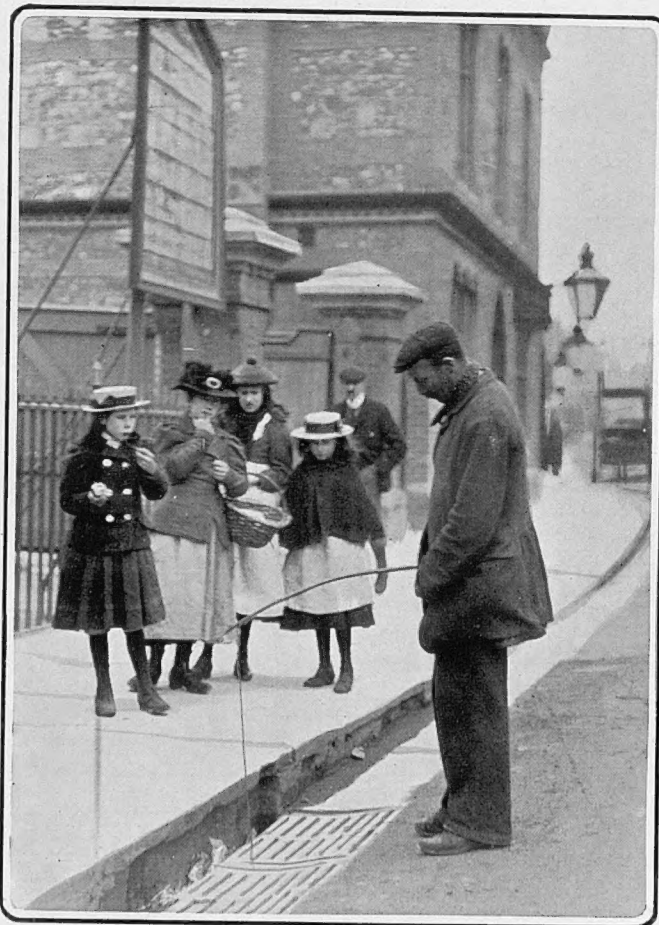
Coronation Heirlooms.—Great store is set by their possessors on ancient coaches, robes, and coronets which have been worn at former coronations, for they are exceedingly rare and very few are in good condition. The Duke of Marlborough will, of course, use the old state coach belonging to his family, which is a gorgeous and handsome specimen of its kind decorated in rich red and gold. Lord Carnarvon is among the lucky few who own robes which have seen former ceremonies and are still perfect, and Lord Effingham has both coronation and parliamentary robes which, although about 300 years old, are in a wonderful state of preservation. The Duchess of Sutherland, the Marchioness of Ormonde, Lady Romney, and Lady Craven are all fortunate owners of beautiful old robes which have been used by their predecessors at former ceremonies.

A Relic of Peking.—The typewriter as a rule is a prosaic article of commerce, but in the office of the Remington Company at San Francisco there is one of that firm's machines which has an interesting history attached to it.

When the Boxer rising began the machine was in the home of Mr. E. K. Lowry, second secretary to the American Legation in Peking. His home was looted and the typewriter annexed. About a year later a Chinaman brought the machine plate to Mr. Lowry and asked him if he knew the probable worth of a typewriter of that make. Mr. Lowry rather thought he did, and informed him that the machine was his. It appears that when Mr. Lowry's house was looted the typewriter was carried away and buried. It remained underground for nine months, when it was unearthed, covered with rust, the key-plates all loose and the wooden bottom of the cover decayed; however, after being soaked in kerosene and generally cleaned it was found to write as well as ever. It is now known as the "Boxer" Remington.

More Spoonerisms.—I heard a couple of Spoonerisms the other day which I do not think have been perpetrated before. Someone talking of South Africa alluded to Lords Kilner and Mitchener and hoped the "squatus to" would soon be restored.

Windsor State Apartments.—The most important changes have been made in St. George's Hall and the guard-room which opens into it. The latter has been cleared of the museum of trophies which formerly littered it. Nelson's relics, the Khalifa's drum, the Sikh cannon, Crimean shot, King Koffee's umbrella, &c., have been sent to South Kensington or the United Service Institution. The body armour of Sir Christopher Hatton (recently presented to the King) and his horse armour arrayed on life-size effigies occupy the middle of the room. Around are settees and chairs of red velvet and gold, trophies of ancient weapons line the walls, bronze plaques have been set in the panelling, and bronze busts break the line. The two French flags (one a fleur de lys and the other a tricolour) which the dukes of Marlborough present annually alone remain. Moreover, the dark varnish has been removed from the oak panelling and replaced by lighter, the paint and gilding have been renewed, the steel of the arms polished till they shine, and the windows freed from the accumulation of light-expelling objects. The result is that the room seems larger, lighter, loftier, more gorgeous, just what one might expect a state ante-room or waiting-room to be.



FISHING FOR TROUT IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY

In High Street, Winchester, it is no uncommon sight to see anglers fishing for trout in one of the streams which run underneath the city



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY

Irate Old Gentleman : You careless villain! See what you've done?
Sweep : Beg pardon, guv'nor; I'd er picked it up if yer'd kept yer 'air on

The Polo Season.—The chief event of the polo season will unquestionably be the international match between England and America. The issue is to be decided by the best of three matches; the first of these is to be held on May 31, the second on June 7, and if a third match be necessary it will probably take place on June 14. It is expected that the King and Queen will be present at one or other of these games. Since the first international match was played sixteen years ago polo has progressed by leaps and bounds in the United States, and it is the general opinion that our men will need all their resources and their best ponies to win. Nothing much can be gathered from the match the other day between the Americans and the Old Cantabs, as the latter, although they made a good fight, were palpably out-classed.

General of the "Starving Eighth."
—Major-General Rundle, who has arrived home from South Africa, where for over two years he has commanded one of the field divisions, was at one time the youngest general officer in the British service. Now he is but forty-six years of age. He entered the Royal Artillery in 1876, and first saw service in the Zulu War three years later. Subsequently he took part in the Boer War, and soon after proceeded to Egypt, where for about fourteen years he practically remained on war service as chief staff officer to the Sirdar and Adjutant-General to the Egyptian Army. Sir Leslie was second in command to Lord Kitchener at the battle of Omdurman. On returning home he was given the command at Dover in succession to Sir William Butler. The division which General Rundle commanded was known in South Africa as the "Starving Eighth" owing to the narrow rations on which it was kept.

Lord High Constable.—It is understood that the Duke of Fife will fulfil the duties of Lord High Constable for England at the coronation. This historic office has been in abeyance since the time of Henry VIII., and it has now only been granted temporarily. In olden times the Lord High Constable and the Earl Marshal were the two most powerful dignitaries in the realm.

A Wet Week-end

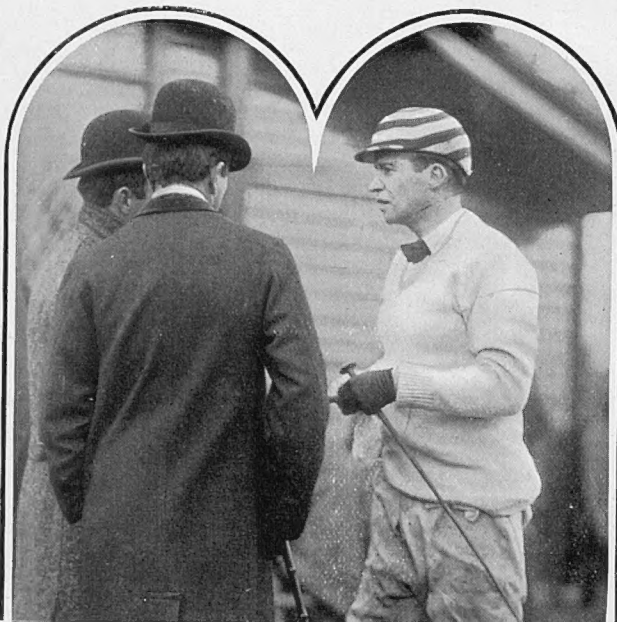
With eyeballs glittering despair,
Some fifty miles from town,
I sit upon a horsehair chair
Within the "Rose and Crown."

I watch the merry raindrops drip
And swill the soaking street.
Come every ill. Come, join the trip
And make the thing complete.

Come to a spot where we may hide,
A little scummy pond,
With sodden fields on every side
And sodden skies beyond.

And there beneath a dripping tree,
My chin upon my chest,
I'll take my hump upon my knee
And hug it to my breast.—JESSIE POPE

GOSSIP OF THE HOUR.



The King's Armour.—In the King's armoury, which has undergone thorough examination and revision, it is interesting to note that although there are swords of greater age there are no suits of mail of a date earlier than the Tudor period. One set of armour is known to have been worn by Henry VIII. Another piece of harness is identified as having belonged to Charles I., while a third suit is notable as having been the armour of Henry Prince of Wales. Curiously enough all these coats of mail were made in the Germany of their time, so that "made in Germany" is, after all, no new phrase.

Mid-winter in May.—The astonishing weather of last week recalls the May of 1867, when the thermometer kept hovering round freezing point for most of the month, when the Derby was run in a snowstorm and won by Mr. Henry Chaplin's "Hermit." In 1891 we had another wintry May, but it is doubtful if in any previous year the "merry month" has displayed such wealth of everything that makes life a misery.

Royal Sportsmen. — The royal families of Europe can boast of a number of first-rate shots. The Prince of Wales is admittedly the best shot in the English Royal Family, better even than King Edward, which is saying a good deal; and the German Emperor, despite the fact that he cannot use his left arm, is an excellent marksman. As a rule he carries a light gun except when shooting big game. A short time

ago he took to using a Mauser carbine, and with this heavy weapon in one day killed forty wild boars. Chamois hunting is the pet sport of the Emperor of Austria, and in this his Majesty has an excellent record. President Loubet, who is left-handed, rarely misses anything that comes within range of his gun.



THE AMERICAN POLO PLAYERS AT RANELAGH

In the match against the Old Cantabs won by the Americans by 4 goals to 0. The photograph on top represents Mr. Agassiz being congratulated after the match

日英同盟の歌

(一) 第四の二拍子

(二) 第四の二拍子

日英同盟の歌

(二) 第四の二拍子

日英同盟の歌

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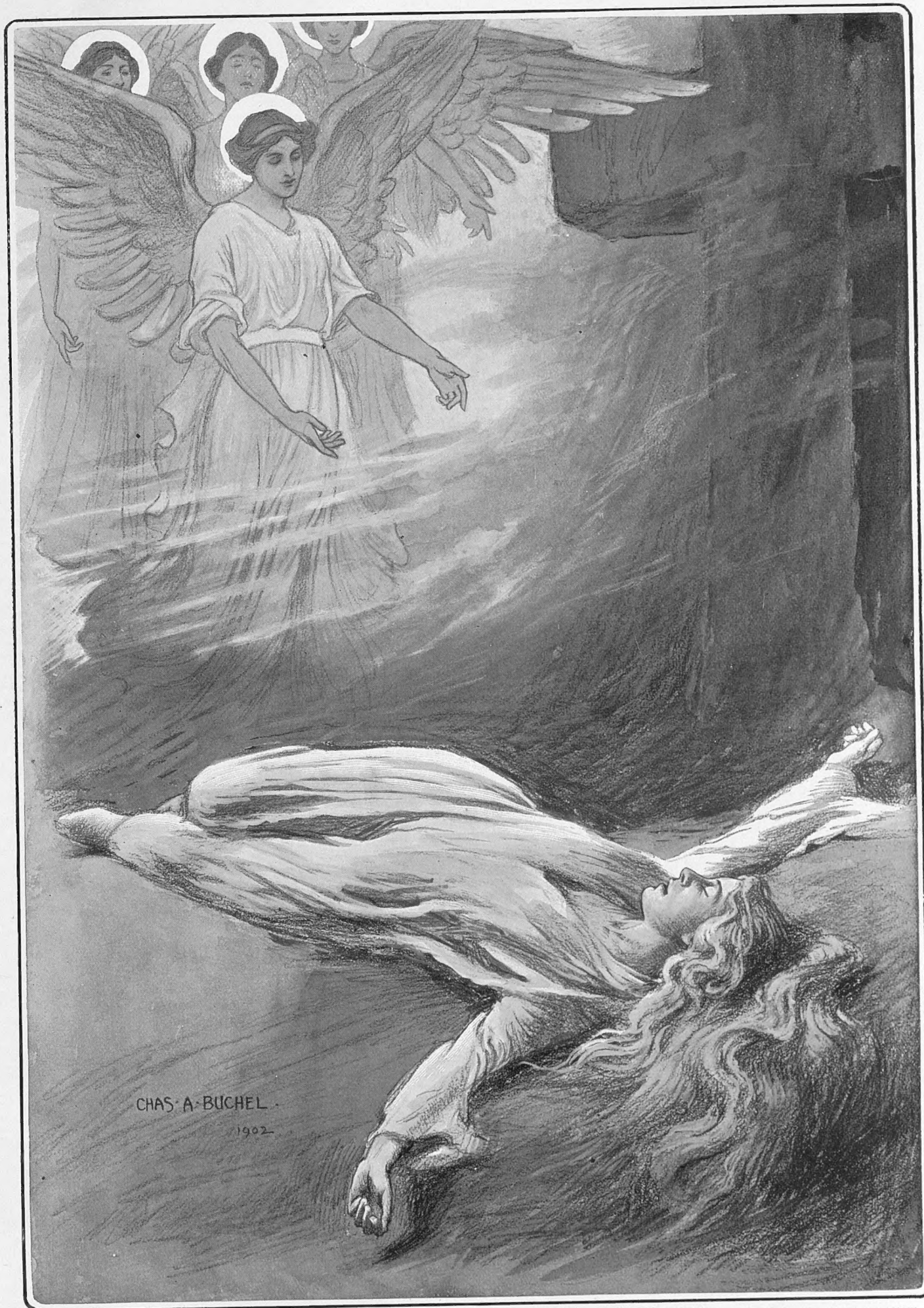
日英同盟の歌

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A JAPANESE TRANSLATION OF "GOD SAVE THE KING"

The music on the left represents a song composed in honour of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. The illustration is a reproduction of a sheet which is now being sold in the streets of Tokio for the Japanese equivalent of a penny

The Tragedy in "Faust" at the Lyceum.

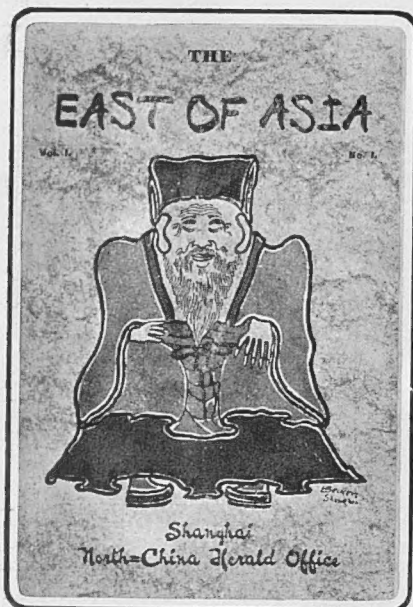


DRAWN BY C. A. BUCHEL

THE VISION OF MARGARET IN PRISON—PLAYED BY MISS CECILIA LOFTUS

Journalism in the Far East.—Shanghai has equipped itself with an illustrated journal in the shape of the *East of Asia*, a quarterly published by the *North China Mail*. The cover, which I reproduce, is a quaint design in three colours, while the blocks in the text are in a different coloured ink from the text. Altogether a plucky start.

"The Master of the Fleet."—The Spithead display has called into existence for the time being the old office of "Master of the Fleet," an appointment which has fallen to Captain John A. Tuke, who has seen considerable service in Africa and Egypt and was commander of the *Centurion* during her memorable commission as flagship on the China station.



THE COVER OF AN ORIENTAL JOURNAL

the cycle was the quickest thing on the King's highway, but that pre-eminence has gone for ever, and cyclists must adapt themselves to the new situation.

Hansoms for the Coronation.—In preparation for the comfort of the King's foreign guests at the coronation thirty royal hansom cabs have been built. These will bear the Tudor crown on the panels of the doors and at the back of the drivers' seats. Each will have two horses, bays with black points, allotted to it. The drivers will be picked from the best London cabdrivers.

London Cart-horse Parade.—Over 800 horses have been entered to compete for the numerous prizes offered at the annual Cart-horse parade to be held in Regent's Park on Whit Monday next. Judging begins at 9.30 in the Inner Circle adjoining the Royal Botanic Gardens and proceeds uninterruptedly until two p.m., at which hour the Lady Mayoress will distribute the prizes, medals, and diplomas.

The Railways and Whitsuntide.—The big railway companies are as usual organising special cheap services for the Whitsuntide holidays. The Midland will run cheap excursion trains from

GOSSIP OF THE HOUR.

Cycles v. Motors.—Cyclists are thinking whether they ought not to provide lamps for the rear as well as the front of their machines. Some of them have been nearly run down of late on dark roads by more swiftly-careering motor cars whose drivers evidently did not see them. A rear lamp was not needed when

London to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, &c., for sixteen days *via* Liverpool on Thursday, May 15, and *via* Morecambe on Friday, May 16; also to Belfast, Londonderry, and Portrush for Giant's Causeway *via* Barrow and *via* Liverpool on Thursday, May 15; to Londonderry *via* Morecambe on Saturday, May 17, to return within sixteen days as per bill of sailing; on Friday night, May 16, to Carlisle, Castle Douglas, Dumfries, Helensburgh, Edinburgh, Greenock, Glasgow, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness, Ballater, &c., returning the following Tuesday or Friday, by which third-class return tickets at about a single ordinary fare for the double journey will also be issued, available for returning on any day within sixteen days. To prevent inconvenience and crowding the booking offices at St. Pancras and Moorgate Street stations will be open for the issue of tickets all day on Friday and Saturday, May 16 and 17, and tickets to all principal stations on the Midland Railway and beyond will also be issued beforehand at any of their City booking offices. The tickets obtained at these offices will be available from St. Pancras Station, will be issued at the same fares as charged at that station, and dated to suit the convenience of passengers.

Holidays in the West Country.—The Great Western Railway Company are issuing ordinary as well as excursion tickets at their City and West-end offices, where tickets can be obtained during the whole week preceding Whitsuntide. Tickets can also be obtained at Clapham Junction, Battersea, Chelsea, Kensington (Addison

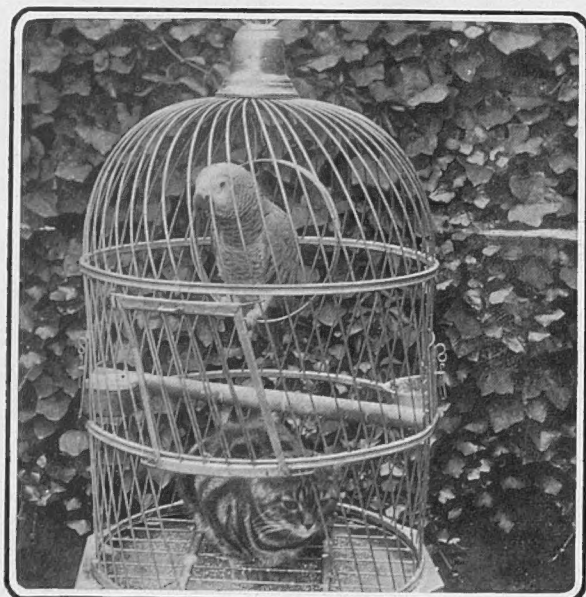


Lallie Charles

MISS CANNON, THE DAUGHTER OF THE FAMOUS TRAINER
Whose marriage took place the other day

Road), at the stations on the Hammersmith and City lines, and at Acton, Ealing, and other suburban stations. Excursions will be run on Thursday, May 15, to Cork, Killarney, Belfast, Armagh, Giant's Causeway, &c.; on Friday, May 16, to Swindon, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Worcester, Hereford, Shrewsbury, Oswestry, Aberystwyth, Bala, Dolgellay, Barmouth, Manchester, Chester, Birkenhead, Liverpool, Rhyl, Llandudno, Bangor, Carnarvon, Waterford, Tipperary, Limerick, Killarney, Weston-super-Mare, Taunton, Minehead, &c.; on Friday night to Bath, Bristol, Exeter, Plymouth, Falmouth, Penzance, Chepstow, Newport, Cardiff, Merthyr, Swansea, Llandoverly, Carmarthen, Tenby, Milford, and other stations in South Wales, Chester, Liverpool, Douglas (Isle of Man), &c.; on Saturday, May 17, to Newbury, Savernake, Marlborough, Devizes, Frome, Yeovil, Dorchester, Weymouth, Minehead, Lynton, Lynmouth, Ilfracombe, Exeter, Torquay, Plymouth, Penzance, Oxford, Birmingham, Wolverhampton (Exhibition), &c.; and on Saturday night to Bath, Bristol, Gloucester, Chepstow, Newport, Cardiff, Swansea, Carmarthen, &c.

Many Happy Returns to.—May 14: Mr. Hall Caine, 1853; Sir Squire Bancroft, 1841; Mr. Richard Pryce, 1864. May 15: Miss Florence Nightingale, 1820; Lord Manners, 1852; Mr. F. Frankfort Moore, 1855. May 16: Lord Carrington, 1843; Lord De Ramsey, 1848; Mr. John Hare, 1844. May 17: King of Spain, 1886; Lady Alexandra Duff, 1891; Sir Norman Lockyer, 1836. May 18: Czar of Russia, 1868; Lady Jeune; Lord Muskerrey, 1854. May 19: Madame Melba; Duke of Beaufort, 1847; Lord Farquhar, 1844. May 20: Lord Belper, 1840; Lord Sempill, 1836; Lord Carbery, 1892.



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A QUEER PAIR OF COMPANIONS

This parrot, which is forty years old, belongs to Mr. Holmes Kingston. She has developed a great affection for the cat, and is quite uneasy every morning until the door of the cage is opened for puss to walk in

"Come Back to Erin."—The present is, I believe, Prince Henry's first visit to Ireland, though he has a few Irish friends, notably Lord Dunraven, and one of his military instructors in early youth was also an Irishman who lost no opportunity of belauding his native land. Love of sport rather than love of the sea must be the common bond of interest between the Prince and Lord Dunraven since the former is said in his secret heart to prefer dry land to the seductions of "a wet sheet and a flowing sea." He is, in fact, a sailor from duty and not from love. Prince Henry is, however, as fond of fishing as his cousin, the Prince of Wales, and if he visits Lord Dunraven at Adare Mansion he will be within reach of the Irish lakes, where there is always good sport with the big trout when the gulls do not play havoc with the May fly. According to present arrangements he means to see a good deal of "Ould Erin," and he does not intend to be tied down to cut-and-dried programmes as he was in America. By the way, Prince Henry brought away from New York a beautiful nasal twang such as only the banks of the Hudson could produce. It would be too funny for words were he now to superimpose upon the thinner American intonation the full resonance of a rich and juicy Irish brogue.

The Prefect of St. Petersburg.—An important official is the Prefect of Police of St. Petersburg, who ruthlessly suppressed the student riots the other day and received the Imperial thanks for his promptitude. General Kleigels is a frank, fresh-complexioned, blue-eyed German in appearance, in all else he is a typical Russian, who seems to derive a keen intellectual pleasure from the counterplots with which he meets the schemes of the Socialists. An occasional riot, he says, is rather a help than a hindrance since it discovers the dangerous individuals, and once known he can make short work of them. It was General Kleigels who met a complaint of Cossack cruelties with a promise to recommend the men who committed them for decoration by the Czar. In private life he is capital company, generally pleasant, and sometimes amusing—one of those young-looking middle-aged men, in fact, who never allow anything to trouble them. His hobby is driving. If he pursued it in this country as he does in St. Petersburg the bulk of his income would go in the payment of fines.

Delhi Coronation Prices.—The prices asked for windows in London in the line of procession at the coronation ceremony are small indeed compared with the rates quoted in Delhi for accommodation in January next. For houses which once let at 30 rupees a month owners are now asking 3,000 rupees. Everything approaching a habitation has already been taken either by speculators or on behalf of some of the great Indian nobles, who will grudge no expense to do fitting honour to the proclamation of King Edward as Emperor of India. A great number of people are leaving England in November and December to be present at the ceremony at Delhi. Those who were there in 1877, when the late Queen was proclaimed Empress of India, know what a magnificent pageant that was, and the one in January will in all probability be equally worth seeing.

Coronation Trees.—As there seems to be a great probability of a large number of trees being planted as memorials of the coronation, a horticultural expert suggests that to avoid the danger of trees dying by being planted at such an unsuitable time of the year all those who intend to adopt this type of commemoration should before it is too late secure trees that have been transplanted, and have them properly prepared

GOSSIP OF THE HOUR.



THE BIGGEST OIL WELL IN THE WORLD

This famous geyser at Beaumont, Texas, throws up several hundred tons of oil per hour more than any other oil well in existence

and put into suitable boxes or tubs in a compost that will ensure a large amount of fibrous roots being made before June. By this means and careful planting the disappointment occasioned by the death of the trees may be avoided.

Tommy's Shoe Leather.—A curious sort of industrial enterprise gives employment to a very large number of hands in a manufactory in Colchester. It consists in what is commonly known in the army as "the resurrection of 'Tommy's' cast-off shoe leather." The proprietor makes it his business to purchase by contract all the boots and shoes of our home regiments which are deemed to have passed beyond the skill of the ordinary cobbler, and such is the scientific perfection to which the art of boot-repairing is brought that these apparently hopeless cases very soon leave the works again as strong, serviceable, and good-looking specimens of their kind. About 160,000 pairs are treated annually, something like a third of the number being broken up to reconstruct the remainder. The average retail price of these "restored" goods is about 2s. or 3s.

The Advantages of being a Peer.—Apart from his social rank a peer of the realm has many little advantages over a commoner. Everyone, of course, knows that if a peer commits a felony he can elect to be tried by his peers. An instance of this occurred quite recently. A peer cannot be arrested except for an indictable offence and he need not serve on juries. Then a peer can demand a private audience with the King if he wishes to have a quiet talk with his Sovereign over any matter of urgent public importance. In courts of law a peer need not pay any attention to the cry of "Hats off," for he is entitled, if he so wishes, to wear his hat in his Majesty's courts of justice. Last of all, should a peer be condemned to suffer the extreme penalty of the law his rank entitles him to the doubtful benefit of a silken instead of a hempen rope.

Paint Made from Dead Bodies.—Hamlet reflected curiously upon the fact that the body of a great ruler might yet come to be used to "stop a hole to keep the wind away," but modern ingenuity has discovered more useful if not more honourable uses for the bodies of departed emperors. Manufacturers of artists' colours now often use mummies in making their colours, and it is almost certain that a small percentage of some ancient Egyptian rulers went to compose some of the colours used by various R.A.'s in painting their portraits for this year's Academy. Mummies were usually preserved in bitumen or the best pitch, and this blended with the bone of the mummy gives a peculiarly beautiful tint, especially in brown or dark blue. The export of mummies is now forbidden, but one will last a manufacturer for years. The colour so made is principally used by portrait painters.

A Dog Census.—The European dog census recently completed shows us that France, with 2,864,000 dogs, holds the European record. Not only are there more dogs in France than in any other country in Europe, but there are more per 1,000 inhabitants than in any other European country. France has 75 dogs to every 1,000 of its inhabitants; then follow Ireland with 73, England with 38, Germany with 31, and Sweden with 11. There are 2,200,000 dogs in Germany, 1,500,000 in Russia, and 350,000 in Turkey, though tourists who have resided in Constantinople aver this number falls short of the actual total, which they think to be larger in Turkey than elsewhere. In France there is a dog tax and every dog is registered, a condition which makes the computation comparatively easy in that country. The number of dogs in the United States is estimated at from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000.

An All Souls Custom.—The rule of the Bachelors' Club subjecting members who marry to fines which applies to some intending Benedicks reminds me of a curious custom at All Souls College, Oxford. This is a college of bachelor fellows whose tenure of their fellowships and rooms depends on their remaining celibate. The custom is that when a fellow resigns his fellowship with the view of entering into matrimony he presents the college with a small silver cup of a peculiar shape on which is inscribed the donor's name, the date, and the words, *Descendit in matrimonium* (he lowered himself to matrimony). The college possesses dozens of these cups of all dates.

Diplomatic Cards.—The visiting cards of diplomatists are not shaped on the ordinary every-day lines of such articles. The ambassadors state their official titles only as "The American Ambassador." The junior branches put their private titles or names and underneath their diplomatic rank, as "Conseiller d'Ambassade" (Councillor to the Embassy), "Chancelier d'Ambassade" (Chancellor of the Embassy), or even at greater length, "Secrétaire d'Ambassade de Sa Majesté I. and R. Ap^{us}" (Secretary to the Embassy of his Imperial, Royal, and Apostolic Majesty). It may be added that the Majesty in question is the Emperor of Austria-Hungary.

Bath and Clevedon Coach.—Coaching in the West Country is always conducted under difficulties owing to the hills. The road from Bath to Clevedon is full of these difficulties. There is one hill half-way between Clifton and Clevedon which—; but never mind, if you have the chance just walk up it, then you will understand. It is therefore a pleasing fact that the energetic Captain Harris has started the coach between Bath and Clevedon again, and intends to run three times a week during the season. The route lies from Bath to Bristol over the Clifton Suspension Bridge, which spans the picturesque gorge of the Avon, and then along the ridge of the downs, which looks out over "where twice a day the Severn fills," and then down the steep descent to Clevedon.

Married in May.—The general feminine superstition that it is unlucky to be married in May is usually attributed vaguely to Mary Queen of Scots. Sometimes it is stated that she was married to Darnley in May and the marriage was unlucky. The latter part is true, but the first part is absolutely false. At other times it is stated that her month (*i.e.*, the month of Mary or May) is unlucky because she was unlucky. This is about as reasonable as to say that Julius Cæsar's month, that is obviously July, is unlucky because he was assassinated. The real explanation is purely pagan as usual. The Romans believed that the month of May was an ill-omened time when the ghosts of the dead had more power for evil, so they would embark on no important circumstance at such a time. The superstition has survived but the heathen explanation is forgotten. If the Roman Mays in the least resembled the present month no wonder it was regarded as ill-omened.

GOSSIP OF THE HOUR.

Absurd Names for Suburban Houses.—

One of my correspondents writes in most amusing tones of wrath about a recent mission of his into the remoter suburbs to make a professional call. "The only address I had," he writes, "was 'Crumbling Towers,' Beryl Road, Maze Hill. All these names are unreal, but they will serve. When I got out of the station I made for Beryl Road, and found that beastly thoroughfare apparently miles long. I went up one side and down the other, peering with gathering anger in each doorway for 'Crumbling Towers,' but for at least three-quarters of an hour could not find that absurd little doll's house villa. 'Fernleigh' was prominent enough, and so were 'Paddockhurst,' 'Rosebank,' 'The Pines,' and fifty more—all with one bay window top and bottom, and a 'bit o' garden' in front."

Photographic Church Parade.—All amateur photographers should be interested in the Rev. Edward Husband's attempt to unite Church and camera by holding a "photographic church parade" at St. Michael's, Folkestone, on Sunday, May 18.

Other parades have been held here, including bicycle ones. Mr. Husband's idea at any rate is original, and no doubt is intended to bring to his church many who might otherwise stay away and go photographing elsewhere. The programme appears to be that Mr. Husband will give an address to the assembled photographers, amateur or professional, and will explain his idea and object. After that it seems likely that there will be a hurly-burly of perhaps a thousand snapshotters all trying to get a "group" of all the rest, the church, and clergyman at once. Some of the effects ought to be funny, and we hope we may see them. At the same time we desire to congratulate Mr. Husband on his originality and wish him all success.

In Happy Japan.—

Japanese women have their grievances against civilisation. Naturally sentimental, they still find it difficult to copy European models and

do their love-making in public. Some day they may arrive at the stage of sitting out and holding hands—but not yet. For the present the experience is painful. Nor can they without discomfort laugh and chat audibly in the stalls, as fashion demands, during the most pathetic part of the piece. A comfortable cry would be more congenial were it not for the mortification of seeming singular and unemancipated. Fashion, too, compels them to wear irksome European dress on ceremonial occasions, though their own soft-clinging robes and flowing kimono are more artistic and more comfortable. Of course the punishment is even greater when they don tight tailor-made garments, quite unbecoming where such small, slight figures are concerned; and always there is the burden of the European skirt, whose successful management demands generations of training. But the worst of the Western ways assimilated by the Japanese woman is the habit of remaining single. Higher education and "cat" clubs (as the jealous male calls them) unfit her for marriage, and the Flowery Land is thus threatened with a plague of old maids.



THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE CHILDREN'S CORONATION FESTIVAL AT ST. LEONARDS

A Historic Anchor.—A very interesting find has just been made at Blackpool which brings to mind memories of Nelson. Some five years ago the *Foudroyant*, the one-time flagship of the hero of Trafalgar, was wrecked off Blackpool in a summer storm. It had been taken there for show purposes. The wreck was bought by a company, who turned the timber and copper into souvenirs that have found their way up and down the whole country. The same firm made several

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Coronation Admirals.—It is significant of the deep interest which the average Englishman has been taught to take in the Royal Navy that already he is in many cases more anxious to see the Spithead review than the actual coronation procession in London. The



THE MOTOR IN TIME OF WAR

This weird-looking machine, which carries two pom-poms and two Maxims, is intended to protect convoys

attempts to raise the massive anchor and cable connected with the ship, but without success, so they abandoned it. The North Pier Company, who are the harbour authorities for this neighbourhood, took the matter in hand, as the projecting anchor was regarded as a danger to navigation, and they have succeeded in bringing the two interesting objects to light. The stock is of the old type, being of good old oak clamped with iron bands; it measures 17 ft. long. The shank is 14 ft. long, and from fluke to fluke the distance is 11 ft. The stock had to be sawn in order to remove the relic to the deck of the North Pier, where it now lies the object of much attention. The total weight is 3½ tons, and the few fathoms of cable, each link of which scales 26 lb., make up another 1½ ton. It took five horses to drag the cable out of the sand where it had been buried so long.

Patrolling by Motor.—The Simms motor war car, the latest invention for a war machine, is at present under the consideration of the War Office. The object of this curious-looking sort of boat on wheels is for patrolling our coasts. It is strongly built, being constructed of heavy steel channels and ram-shaped at each end. The engine is a sixteen horse-power four-cylinder hydro-carbon of Daimler type with Simms-Bosch magneto-electric ignition and timing gear. Fuel is carried in the shape of petrol in tanks underneath sufficient to enable the car to travel 200 miles. Twelve miles an hour is the utmost speed it can attain, while it carries two pom-poms and two Maxims with 10,000 rounds of small-arm ammunition and twenty men. The length to point of rams is 28 ft. and the height 10 ft., while the beam is 8 ft., and the weight 6 tons. It is probable that the best use to which this machine could be put would be that of protecting convoys unprovided with artillery.

two ceremonies are, of course, of widely different kinds, but the naval review offers many attractions which of necessity are wanting in the land festivities. The most striking feature of the great display off Portsmouth will be that, despite the size of the fleet of British ships and the army of British officers and men, there has been no weakening of the force on any of our foreign stations. The pick of our naval officers will be at Spithead, while first and foremost amongst the coronation admirals will be the King himself and Rear-Admiral H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Captain H.S.H. Prince Louis Alexander of Battenberg being his Majesty's personal naval aide-de-camp.

The Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth.—Admiral Sir Charles F. Hotham, Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, who will have the supreme control of the review, was flag-captain in the *Alexandra* to the Commander-in-Chief at the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882, and he has held the chief command on the Pacific station and at the Nore. The magnitude of his task may be gathered from the fact that he will be responsible for the efficient mooring of something like thirty miles of ships. At the great naval review at Spithead in 1897, when twenty-five miles of ships were so perfectly moored, the officer at the head of affairs was Sir Nowell Salmon, V.C. The task which he accomplished won the special praise of the First Lord of the Admiralty.

Seeing the Naval Review.—Although it will be necessary for people who wish to see the review at close quarters to go out in one of the vessels which will make special trips to the fleet still an excellent view may be obtained from the shore. The Spithead anchorage is particularly well adapted for a spectacular affair like the naval review, and it is no exaggeration to say that millions of persons could get a good view of the ships from the surrounding land. There is a splendid stretch of ground from the Clarence Pier to Southsea Castle and then on as far as Eastney Gardens, to say nothing of the Haslar shore, the Isle of Wight, and inland points from which with the help of glasses a magnificent bird's-eye view can be obtained. These points are worth noting by the nervous visitor who does not care for the water trip as well as by the spectator whose pocket is not equal to the heavy demands made by the controllers of steam and other craft which are to make visits to the fleet.

Famous Ships at the Review.—The review will bring together many of the ships in the navy which have peculiarly interesting histories. Amongst the battleships will be the *Camperdown*, which sank the *Victoria*, and the *Mars*, in which the terrible gun disaster recently occurred; and the training ships will include the *Calliope*, reminiscent of one of the most thrilling episodes in the peace history of the British Navy. Although not taking active part in the display the *Victory* will be visible to the countless thousands of visitors to Portsmouth, and there will be a chance of seeing the *Asia*, which flew Codrington's flag at Navarino in 1827, to say nothing of the old *Victoria and Albert*, the *Royal George*, and the hulks which indicate the development of the navy since the advent of steam and armour.

A Hero of the "Mars."—Every disaster in our navy produces one or more heroes. Amongst them must be included a petty officer of the *Mars* named J. Oakley. He was captain of the 12 in. gun which exploded, but just before the breech-block blew out he had changed places with another man. The explosion hurled Oakley against Mr. G. F. Cowland, the midshipman on duty in the barbette, and both were injured, the young officer being unconscious. It was a time when every man might have thought himself justified in attending to himself only, but in spite of his wounds and the suffocating fumes of the cordite Oakley seized the midshipman and dragged him up the ladder leading from the barbette and so saved him.



THE ANCHOR OF NELSON'S OLD BATTLESHIP, THE "FOUDROYANT" Which has just been discovered at Blackpool

SOME SOCIAL CHANGES WHICH I HAVE SEEN

By George W. E. Russell.

XII.

Some recent observations of mine on the deterioration of society have drawn this interesting response from an eminent clergyman in the north of London :—

Is it possible that in "Society" itself there is a point of resistance which may be touched by an effective appeal coming from the wholesomer elements in English life? Belonging as I do to that section of English life which is a stranger to Society in the technical sense, I am deeply impressed with the taint which comes to all circles of society from the contamination of the circle at the top. To elicit a strong opinion and a resolute determination from what I may call the Puritan side of English life may be perhaps the first step towards the correction of the evil which Mr. Russell describes. Are there not in Society itself some men and women who retain the high ideals and the strenuous purposes of their ancestry? Can they be induced to raise their protest, to assert their principles, and open the way to a better—because a purer—future? I venture to make this appeal because it is my fixed conviction that even in the worst and most degraded society there are men who sigh for better things, just as in the worst and most degraded men there remains a desire, however overlaid, for regeneration.

Well, frankly I think that an amiable insanity deludes my reverend friend if he expects a moral reformation in the sort of society which I have been describing. It would tax the combined energies of St. John the Baptist, Savonarola, the two Wesleys, and George Whitefield all rolled into one to convince the people whom I have in my mind of their ethical shortcomings. They have made their own beds, in every sense of that expressive phrase, and must lie on them till the cataclysm comes which will bring us all to our senses.

But I am reminded that the editor bade me write not exclusively about deteriorations in Society but about changes of all kinds. That there has been some change for the better I readily admit, as well as an enormous number of changes for the worse. "All things are double," says the Son of Sirach, "one against the other," and in this closing paper I will try to balance our gains and our losses.

That there has always been a mixture of good and bad in Society is only another way of saying that Society is part of mankind, but if I am right in my survey the bad just now is flagrant and ostentatious to a degree which we have not known in England since 1837. There was once a moralist who spoke of the narrow path which lay between right and wrong, and similarly there used to be a Debatable Land which lay between the good and evil districts of society. It was inhabited by the people who, having no ethical convictions of their own, go very much as they are led. It was written of them long ago that—

They eat, they drink, they sleep, they plod,
They go to church on Sunday;
And many are afraid of God,
And more of Mrs. Grundy.

As long as Mrs. Grundy was a real, though comical, guardian of social propriety; as long as the highest influences in the social system tended towards virtue and decorum, the inhabitants of the Debatable Land were even painfully respectable. But now that the "trend" (as Pennycuik calls it) is all the other way and Mrs. Grundy has been deposed as a bore and an anachronism, they willingly follow the "smart" multitude to do evil; and so the area covered by social wickedness is much larger than in former times. In

other words the evil of Society is both worse in quality and larger in quantity than it was fifty—or even twenty—years ago.

Now if this is true—and I hold it to be unquestionable—what have we to set against it? I reply the greatly increased activity of those who are really good. In old days the good were good in a quiescent and lethargic way. They were punctual in religious observances public and private, exemplary in the home and the family, and generous to the poor. But their religion could scarcely be called active, except in so far as pottering about among the cottages or teaching a class of well-washed children in the Sunday School can be reckoned as active employments; and even such activities as these were as a rule confined to women.

Sir Walter Scott believed that "there were few young men, and those very sturdy moralists, who would not rather be taxed with some moral peccadillo than with want of horsemanship." And in days much more recent than the beloved Sir Walter's, men if they were religious studiously kept their light under a bushel and took the utmost pains to avoid being detected in acts of charity or devotion.

Nowadays all this is changed, and changed, in my opinion, much for the better. Religious people are ready to let the world know what they believe and are active in the pursuit of the things which are pure and lovely and of good report. Well-dressed young men combine dancing with slumming. Untidiness and dulness are no longer the necessary concomitants of virtue. Officers of the Guards sing in the choir and serve the altar. Men whose names are written in the book of the peerage as well as the Book of Life conduct Bible-classes and hand round the hymn-books at mission-services. The group of young M.P.'s who have been nicknamed "Hughligans" show the astonished House of Commons that Religion is as practical a thing as politics, and (as one of them lately said) they cheerfully encounter that hot water which is the modern substitute for boiling oil. The universities send their best athletes and their social favourites to curacies in the slums or martyrdom in the mission field.

The example set by Mr. James Adderley when he left Christ Church and founded the Oxford House at Bethnal Green has been followed in every direction. Both the universities and most of the colleges run "settlements," where laymen in the intervals of professional work and social enjoyment spread religion, culture, and physical education amid the "dim common populations" of Camberwell and Stratford and Bethnal Green.

The public schools, formerly denounced as "the seats and nurseries of vice," make their full contribution to active religion. Eton and Winchester and Harrow have their missions in crowded quarters of great towns. At one school the boys have a guild of devotion, at another a voluntary Bible-class with which no master intermeddles. And so the young citizens of the privileged order gain their first lessons in religious and social service and carry the idea with them to the Army or the Bar or the Stock Exchange or the House

of Commons. All this is, in my eyes, a social change which is also a clear and enormous gain.

But if what I say is true of men it is even more conspicuously true of women. They are no longer content with the moderate church-going at comfortable hours and the periodical visits to particularly clean cottages which at one time were the sum total of their activities. Every well-organised parish has its staff of women-workers who combine method with enthusiasm and piety with common sense. Belgravia and Mayfair send armies of district-visitors to Hoxton and Poplar. Girls from fashionable homes, pretty and well-dressed, sacrifice their evenings to clubs and social gatherings for factory hands and maids of all work. Beneath the glittering surface of social life there is a deep current of wise and devoted effort for those unhappy beings who are least able to help themselves. And all this philanthropic energy is distinctively and avowedly Christian. It is done by men and women, young and old, widely differentiated from one another in outward circumstances of wealth and accomplishments and social influence, but all agreed about "the one thing needful," and all keen to confess their faith before a hostile world.

What, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter? Society during the years in which I have known it has changed enormously alike in its exterior characteristics and, as far as I can judge, in its inner spirit. While some of the changes have been simply innocuous, and a few even beneficial, the great majority have been gross and palpable deteriorations. An onlooker who knows society well has thus described its present condition: "We are living in an age of decadence and we pretend not to know it. There is not a feature wanting, though we cannot mention the worst of them. We are Romans of the worst period, given up to luxury and effeminacy, and caring for nothing but money. We care no more for beauty in art, but only for a brutal realism. Sport has lost its manliness and is a matter of pigeons from a trap or a mountain of crushed pheasants to sell to your own tradesmen. Religion is coming down to jugglers and table-turnings and philanderings with cults brought, like the rites of Isis, from the East, and as for patriotism, it is turned on like beer at election times or worked like a mechanical doll by wire-pullers. We belong to one of the most corrupt generations of the human race. To find its equal one must go back to the worst times of the Roman Empire, and look devilish close then. But it's uncommonly amusing to live in an age of decadence; you see the funniest sights and you get every conceivable luxury, and you die before the irruption of the barbarians."

This is, I believe, a true indictment against the age in which our lot is cast, although the utterance has just that touch of exaggeration which secures a hearing for unpalatable truth. But the man who wrote it left out of account that redeeming element in our national life which I have discussed in this closing paper. After all there is a world-wide difference between the "majority" and the "remnant," and the ten righteous men may yet save the guilty city.

SOCIETY IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

Week by Week.



Lafayette

MRS. CORNWALLIS-WEST

Is the beautiful mother of two beautiful daughters—Princess Henry of Pless and the Duchess of Westminster. Her son, Mr. George Cornwallis-West, is married to Lady Randolph Churchill. Mrs. Cornwallis-West, who was married in 1872, is a daughter of the Rev. Frederick and Lady Olivia Fitzpatrick

Grosvenor House Concert.—The concert at Grosvenor House in aid of St. Barnabas Country Holiday Home was immensely successful. Madame Liza Lehmann conducted admirably her "More Daisies," while of the less-known performers Miss Martha Cunningham was particularly noticeable for the delightful fashion in which she rendered Gounod's "Waltz Song" and Delibes's "Bolero." This young lady has unquestionably a great future before her.

The Popularity of the Carlton.—The Carlton seems to become more and more attractive to smart people with each ensuing season. The hotel thoroughly deserves the world-wide reputation it has acquired and is a proof of the great demand there is for first-class catering and attendance.

The Earl of Pembroke.—One of the best successors to Lord Cadogan in the Irish lieutenancy would be the Earl of Pembroke, who is at present Lord Chamberlain. In the first place, though a strong Unionist, he has never been identified with any extremes of political action, and in this respect resembles Lord Cadogan. In the second place he is a rich man, owning great estates in England and Ireland. His Irish estates are the most valuable of all; they include the town of Bray (which is immortalised by its celebrated "vicar") and the township of Donnybrook (the traditions of which though equally immortal are not quite so peaceful). Lord Pembroke, moreover, comes of one of the oldest families in England. A staunch Protestant himself, he is closely connected with the Romanists

by his mother, Lady Herbert of Lea, who is one of the leaders of Romanist society in London and is an esteemed and revered friend of the Duke of Norfolk and Cardinal Vaughan. He is further connected with the higher ranks of the nobility of Russia, for his grandmother was *née* Countess Catherine Woronzoff, daughter of Prince Woronzoff, a great territorial magnate.

Lady Willshire.—If asked to name a typical English beauty of to-day many would at once say, "Lady Willshire." She is tall, dark-eyed, of slender figure, and graceful carriage; dresses well, of course, and is very fond of flowers. She has also a passion for the drama, and may often be seen in the stalls at popular theatres. She is the daughter of the late Sir Sanford Freeling, who was governor of various colonies, mostly in the tropics, from time to time, so that her girlhood was mainly spent in warm latitudes, and she has a firm conviction that she has seen

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quite enough of black men to last her for the rest of her life. Her husband, Sir Arthur Willshire, was formerly in the Scots Guards.

The Copper King.—The assumption of the title of Count Ward by the "Copper King," Mr. Reginald Ward, may cause some agitation at the Lord Chamberlain's office if he wishes to go to Court under it. He is American, but his title is obviously not, and is not recognised by his Government. An English subject is not allowed to present himself under a foreign title unless it has been recognised by his Government; a foreigner is similarly treated, as in the case of Prince Demidoff, who is merely "Mr." at Court. Will an exception be made in favour of an American?

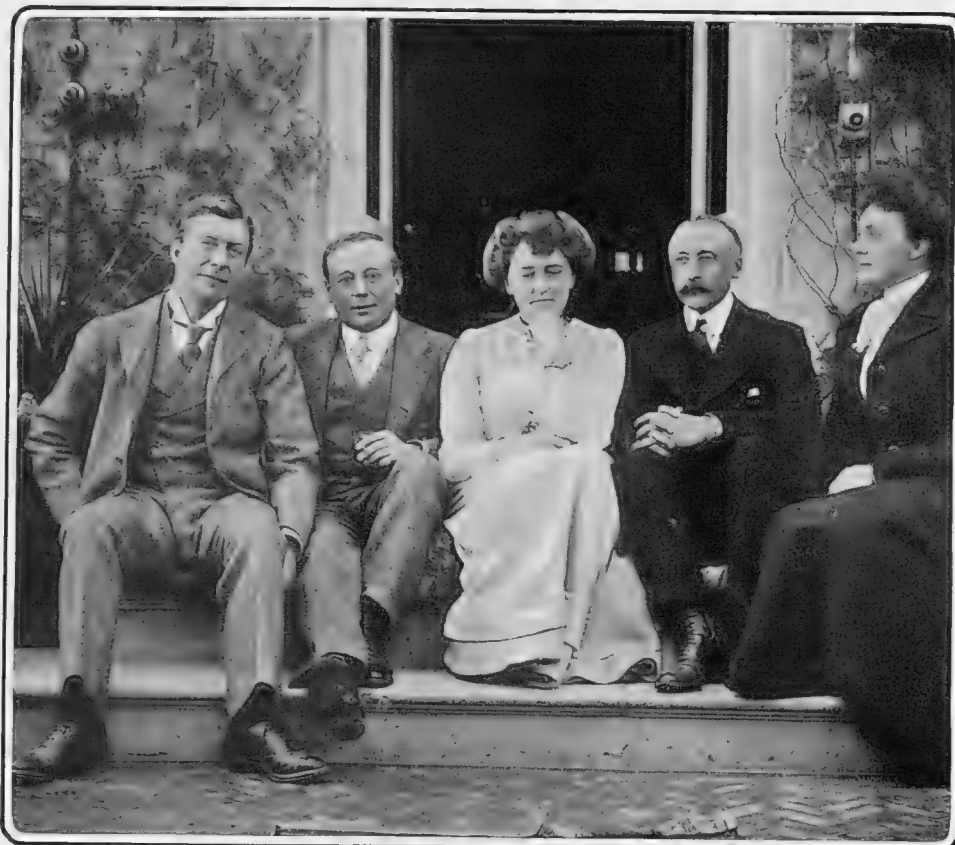
famous Vandyck and some of the other pictures which he has collected in recent years. He also owns Dover House, a delightful old country seat near Roehampton, where he keeps his wonderful collection of Dresden china, which is one of his latest acquisitions. Mr. Morgan's son has a town house of his own in Park Lane and a country house in Scotland.

An Adventurous Peer.—The Marquis of Graham, eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, who has figured so prominently at Highland gatherings in Glasgow and other places in recent years, and returned a short time ago from South Africa, is a young peer who has had already a very adventurous career. As a boy he served for a considerable time in the Royal Naval Training Squadron, and later on he entered the merchant service and won his master's certificate. Unfortunately Lord Graham is slightly deaf, which was the reason he did not enter the navy when a boy. The duchess and his sisters returned to town last week from Buchanan Castle.

Four Countesses.—No fewer than four countesses of Seafield are entitled to attend the coronation, but it is more than likely that none of them will be present. The present countess and her mother-in-law are now both in New Zealand. There are two widows of former earls in this country but they are seldom seen in society. Caroline Lady Seafield, widow of the 7th earl, lives in Scotland, and is in possession of all the valuable Scotch properties which were left her by her

son. She is a sister of the last Lord Blantyre, and her sister, Lady Buchanan, always lives with her. The present earl is only twenty-six years of age and is the 11th holder of the title. He was born in New Zealand, where the late earl had married and settled down.

Spanish Ambassador.—One of the prominent figures among the foreign diplomatists who will attend the coronation will be the Duke de Mandas, the Spanish Ambassador. In his person Spain has shown the importance which she attaches to her relations with this country by sending a nobleman of the highest rank, one of the grandees who possess the privilege of wearing their hats in the presence of their Sovereign. When the Duke was in Paris he was famous for the exquisite taste with which he furnished the embassy, and since his arrival here he has done much to this building—a large corner house in Grosvenor Gardens. He is a most stately and courtly personage.



A GROUP OF AMATEUR ACTORS

Who took part the other day in Mrs. Arthur James's private theatricals at Coton House, Rugby. The names of those in the group are: Mr. F. Cavendish-Bentinck, Mr. Leo Trevor, the Hon. Mrs. A. Fellowes, Captain Jeffcock, and Mrs. Arthur James

Buckingham Palace Improvements.—During the reign of Queen Victoria there was no regular smoking-room in Buckingham Palace. On the rare occasions when the late Queen gave a dinner party the men smoked in the dining-room. King Edward, however, has changed all that and has brought Buckingham Palace up to date by the creation of a large and comfortable smoking-room. The room is decorated in Oriental style and is adorned with various curios which the King brought back from India.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan and his Yacht.—Mr. Pierpont Morgan is prepared to recruit himself after the fatigue of his big shipping combine by a short yaching tour. He has just ordered his steam yacht, the *Corsair*, to join him in British waters, which, of course, means a stay for the coronation festivities at Cowes and probably a trip to Kiel for the Kaiser's festivities. Mr. Morgan's London house is 15, Prince's Gate, where hang the

A Handsome Family.—Amid the numerous pretty and well-known women of society the daughters of the late Sir Julian Goldsmid hold their own exceedingly well. They are all good to look at and are divided almost equally into blondes and brunettes. Lady Jessel, whose picture appeared in THE TATLER a few weeks ago, is perhaps, strictly speaking, the beauty of the family, and she is dark. So, too, is Mrs. Hoffnung Goldsmid and the present Miss Goldsmid and her sister, Grace. The other four, viz., Mrs. Willie Raphael (whose portrait is given here and who is most like her mother), Mrs. Herbert Jessel, Mrs. Lucas, and the youngest of all, Miss Norah Goldsmid, have bright golden-brown hair, blue eyes, and a wonderful complexion. The eight sisters are extraordinarily devoted to one another, but none of them have evinced the musical taste of Lady Goldsmid, whose house used to be a veritable centre for musicians of all nationalities, but Mrs. Hoffnung Goldsmid entertains very largely, and recently had a most successful children's cotillion party.

Their Four Graces.—It would certainly have detracted somewhat from the picturesqueness of the coronation ceremony had it been decided to omit the upholding of the Queen's canopy by four duchesses. The idea was first mooted some months ago, but it was almost immediately contradicted, though, as subsequently proved, rumour was correct. Many were the conjectures as to who would be chosen, the names generally mentioned being those of their graces of Portland, Sutherland, Marlborough, and either Westminster or Montrose. It was understood from the first that if her Majesty adopted this plan the Duchesses of Sutherland and Portland would be numbered among the four, but it was feared that some ill-feeling might possibly be aroused by the selection of the Duchess of Marlborough because of her American birth. Queen Alexandra could not have improved upon her present choice, for it would be difficult to find four more beautiful and stately women than the Duchesses of Portland, Sutherland, Marlborough, and Montrose. The Duchess of Marlborough will, of course, wear the famous Vanderbilt pearls, which are priceless.

Famous Sportswomen.—Colonel and Mrs. Rosdew Burn have returned to 48, Cadogan Place, from India, where they have been on a visit to the Maharajah of Kooch Behar. They have had very good sport, two ladies especially distinguishing themselves in big-game shooting; both Miss Lilian Elphinstone and Miss Evelyn Mackenzie have each enjoyed the unwonted sensation of bringing down a Bengal tiger. Lord Helmsley was also of the party, which included Mr. and Mrs. Edward Baird and Mr. and Mrs. Pelham-Clinton.

The Latest Engagement.—Lord Vaux of Harrowden, whose engagement to Miss

Plowden has just been announced, has been for some time a widower. His late wife, whom he married in 1886, was a daughter of Sir Alexander Matheson, by whom he had three daughters. The barony of Vaux of Harrowden dates from the year 1523, but had been in abeyance from 1662 till its dormancy was terminated in 1838 in favour of the present peer's grandfather. Lord Vaux's present heirs are his three daughters, amongst whom, should anything happen to their father, the barony would again fall into abeyance. The bride-elect is a daughter of Sir William



MRS. WILLIE RAPHAEL

Is a sister of Lady Jessel and third daughter of the late Sir Julian Goldsmid

Plowden, who in 1886 represented West Wolverhampton in Parliament, and was at one time a member of the Viceroy of India's Legislative Council. Lady Plowden is sister of Lord Burton.

Three Generations.—The little Baroness Beaumont with her mother is staying with her grandmother, the Dowager Lady Beaumont, at Brighton. Three generations of ladies, under the same roof, bearing the same name and title, is so infrequent that it is to be hoped the brilliant sunshine will be utilised to obtain a photograph. The Dowager

Lady Beaumont, quaint and dignified as an ancestral picture, is the daughter of John Cavendish, 3rd Lord Kilmaine, and married in 1844 Miles Thomas Stapleton of Carlton Towers, Yorkshire, who four years previously had been summoned by writ to the House of Peers, the abeyance of the ancient barony of Beaumont having been determined in his favour. The peerage had lain dormant from the time of Queen Mary, or close on 500 years. Mary Ethel Lady Beaumont, wife of the late peer was the only surviving child and heiress of Sir Charles Henry Tempest, and her daughter is the present peeress in her own right, a dignity that she was very near missing, as shortly after her father's death a posthumous sister appeared, and there seemed every prospect of the barony returning into abeyance for another five centuries unless determined, as it immediately was, by the consideration of her late Majesty.

A "Lawless" Earl.

There is an interesting history attached to the earldom of Clonmell, of which the present representative met with a serious accident in the hunting field lately. The earldom was granted in 1793 to John Scott, an Anglo-Irishman who was Prime-Sergeant of Ireland, afterwards Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. It is a paradox that this great exponent of the law should have allied himself with one that was lawless, for he married Margaret, daughter and heiress of Patrick Lawless, a niece of the first Lord Cloncurry.

Bisham Abbey.—Lord and Lady Helen Stavordale have taken Bisham Abbey for the summer months. Bisham is a most picturesque place with a broad river frontage just above Marlow on the Berks side. It has generally been to let in the summer months, and has been occupied by scores of different tenants. Bisham has a remarkable ghost story attached to it. It is said to be haunted by the ghost of Lady Russell, who beat her son to death because of his inattention to lessons and general slovenliness. They must have been a nice pair. The ghost is said to glide along wringing its hands as if trying to wash off the bloodstains. However, it has not been seen very lately—which is the case with most ghosts.

The Curse that Failed.

There is so much unjust efficacy as a rule in a Scotch curse—that is, an ancient one—at least according to the evidence usually brought forward, that it is rather nice by way of a change to find one which seems to have worked in a back-handed manner that would not have been entirely satisfactory to the author. This is the case with the Homes of Cowden Knowes. The family for their persecutions were put under a curse by one of their victims:—

Vengeance, vengeance! when and where?
Upon the house of Cowden Knowes now and ever mair.

The curse has been so far fulfilled that the house and estate have now departed from the family.

Some Interesting Events.—Congratulations to the Marquis of Headfort and Sir Windham Carmichael-Anstruther, whose wives have each presented them with a son and heir. The Marquis of Headfort, it may be remembered, was very quietly married to Miss Rosie Boote, the Gaiety Theatre favourite, just a year ago at Folkestone, and since then has spent most of his time in his Irish home with his pretty young wife, whilst Sir Windham Carmichael-Anstruther, whose wedding was celebrated with considerable pomp last year in London, married a charming Australian young lady, the daughter of Sir Frederick Darley. Lady Carmichael-Anstruther, who has thus entered an important Scotch family, like the Countess of Darnley, is an Australian who has given up her distant home and made her husband's country her own. So far nearly all the important new arrivals have been boys, and needless to say the birth of a son and heir is exceedingly welcome. There is Lady Lurgan, who after being married more than half-a-dozen years is the proud mother of a wee son; Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, who is looking lovelier than ever now that she is about again; the Marchioness of Headfort, and Lady Carmichael-Anstruther; whilst the one exception to prove the rule is the baby daughter whose advent was something of a disappointment to the Duke and Duchess of Westminster.

The King as a Whip.—For many years the King has entirely abandoned the handling of the whip and reins himself. There was a time when he used to drive about in a high dogcart, but he has long given it up. Now he only drives in a landau or a motor car even in the country. It is really rather a pity, because if his Majesty still drove he would probably drive a coach, and the spectacle of a royal coach superbly horsed and with the royal arms on the panels would be a most exhilarating sight to loyal subjects. His Majesty would then, of course,

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become patron of the Four-in-Hand Club, and might lead off their parade in the Park now and then. It is also worthy of notice that the late Duke of Clarence never cared for driving, neither does the Prince of Wales. The Queen, on the other hand, used to drive her own pony-cart for years, except when she handed the reins over to one of her daughters. All her daughters drive, and of Princess Victoria it may be said

that she can drive anything. The Princess of Wales began to drive when she was quite a child, and as soon as she was given a vehicle of her own "pretty Princess May and her little trap" were soon familiar objects in the town and park of Richmond, and she drove fast. Now she very often drives her husband, and privately prefers this method of getting over the ground to motor-driving.

The Crown Equerry.—Sir Henry Ewart, the Crown Equerry, will as master of the royal mews in Pimlico be responsible for the long array of carriages and horses—with their attendance of coachmen, grooms, and outriders—which will be required for the coronation procession. Sir Henry is quite equal to the task. He organised very similar arrangements for the Diamond Jubilee procession of 1897 and has had a working experience of the capacity of the royal mews for seven years—the date of his appointment to his office being 1895. It may be added that this appointment is a personal one, given by the Crown alone, and in no way influenced by politics. The Duke of Portland as Master of the Horse is the political head of the royal stables, and he signs all the orders and royal warrants which are connected with them. The real work, however, is arranged and carried out by the Crown Equerry, who prepares the documents for the duke's signature and personally superintends the carrying out of the details. Sir Henry Ewart was in his time a distinguished officer, and upon such the late Queen liked to confer the posts in her immediate household.



LADY CONSTANCE PASLEY

Lafayette

Is the wife of Sir Thomas Pasley, Bart., and sister of the Earl of Huntingdon



THE PUNCHESTOWN RACES—ARRIVAL OF LORD CADOGAN ON THE COURSE

Chancellor



Chancellor

MRS. HEDWORTH GROGAN

Who is engaged to be married to Mr. J. H. B. Noble, third son of Sir Andrew Noble, K.C.B.

THE MOTOR WORLD—WEEK BY WEEK.

The Victory of the Motor.—The motor car has had a pretty hard fight, in this country at least, to maintain itself against the very natural prejudice which its earliest forms called out. Looking back over the past six years or so, since the Emancipation Act as automobilists term it, it may seem almost a pity that manufacturers were in so great a hurry to place their machines in the hands of the general public. The obvious imperfection of those first cars—their frequent stoppages, their noise and smell, and comparative discomfort—caused a dislike of the whole thing which subsequent improvements have hardly been able to dispel.

Too Much Haste.—It is always, alas, so much easier to make oneself unpopular than to get the general verdict reconsidered. If it had been possible to keep the matter quieter until something more like the present reliable and nice-looking car had been produced the future would have been considerably easier. The inventor, by his own experiments and the use of general engineering knowledge, might have done much in this direction, but the ill-timed zeal of a few financial aspirants thrust a crude article upon public attention, and resulted in such damaging exhibitions as the first run to Brighton.

Spent Ridicule.—However, the ill-will is fast passing away and the ridicule has already spent itself. The motor in its various forms—the lorry, the transport waggon, the light delivery van, and the handy little "runabout"—is now taken as a matter of course, and we hardly turn in the street to look at them. At the same time it may be doubted whether the ordinary man realises of how great a transformation the few motors which rattle by him are the precursors.

Motoring in the Future.—It requires, perhaps, some little imagination to picture our roads in town and country a decade or two hence. Americans when they come to London are astonished to see our lumbering horse-drawn omnibuses. These are even now an anachronism. How needless to be more than an hour in doing the four or five miles from the West-end to the City. And the enormous vehicles of the Post Office and the railway companies, the brewers' and colliers' drays,

A Perfect Utopia.—Traffic in towns will be moving probably at double its present speed at least and with increased security, while foot passengers will be provided for in some special way, as by tunnels crossing the roads at intervals. The streets will be far less muddy and will be altogether free from that uncleanness which, as travellers in Holland will remember, the inhabitants of a village of some size near Amsterdam until recently avoided by excluding animal traction entirely from their borders.

Those quarters of the town which are now densely peopled will be largely relieved, the poorer folk being able to come up rapidly from the outer fringe to the very door of their place of business, and perhaps even the comparatively well-to-do will have moved out beyond Kensington, Paddington, and Chelsea.

A Boon to Farmers.—The country roads, which were formerly the glory of England and are only now regaining something of their old-time activity, will in the near future be alive with swift cars bringing the produce of the field or garden directly to the market or carrying all the world and his wife on business or pleasure in cross journeys, or for comparatively short distances for which the railway is at a disadvantage. Every man will have his own special train always in waiting; or if that be an exaggeration, very many people will have. The circle of the squire's acquaintance will be considerably enlarged, for neighbours who are too far off for frequent calling will then be within easy distance. In case of illness it will take little longer to get the best opinion from the county town than it does now for the practitioner from the next village to arrive. The housekeeper's labours will be simplified when she is no more dependent upon the tradesmen of the immediate vicinity.



K. S. RANJITSINHJI ON HIS MOTOR CAR

the ponderous trucks loaded with huge blocks of stone or girders, and hauled along at two miles an hour by a team of distressed animals which can often scarcely keep their feet on the greasy pavement—for all such in his own interest as well as the interests of commerce the horse must be replaced by mechanical power. Other nations seem quicker to realise these obvious facts than we do, but if the British mind moves slowly in mechanical matters it moves surely.



THE START FROM HYDE PARK CORNER FOR THE MOTOR TOUR ROUND THE WORLD

This sporting tour has been organised by Dr. E. Lehwess, who is accompanied by Mr. Max Cudell and Mr. Morgan Browne

PLAYS, MUSIC, AND OTHER ENTERTAINMENTS

Week by Week.



Ellis & Walery

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER AS "GIOVANNI MALATESTA" IN "PAOLO AND FRANCESCA" AT THE ST. JAMES'S

This picture shows Giovanni in the beginning of the second act full of doubt about his brother's honour. "Ye chafe to go?" he asks

Miss Elizabeth Robins as "Lucrezia" in "Paolo and Francesca."



Ellis & Walery

Who shall set a shore to love?
When hath it swerved from death, or when
Hath it burned away all barriers,
Even dearest ties of mother and of son,
Even of brothers?

Miss Evelyn Millard as "Francesca" at the St. James's Theatre.



Ellis & Walery

Has he left the house?
How far then hath he gone by now—how far?
Surely 'tis natural to desire him back—
Most natural. Is it not most natural?



MR. LEO DIETRICHSTEIN
The author of *All on Account of Eliza*

The most interesting movement in the theatres is the proposal of Mr. George Edwardes to raise the price of stalls to 12s. 6d. There is much cogency in his reasoning that it is ridiculous to charge an uniform rate, 10s. 6d. for stalls, in a theatre where there is a little drawing-room comedy with eight or nine people and one in which there are vast shows such as at the Lyceum or at Daly's. But if Mr. Edwardes is to advance his stalls to 12s. 6d. I venture to think that while the subject of prices is being discussed, some managers might with great advantage reduce their 10s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. I feel sure that an universal 12s. 6d. will be bad policy. West-end London theatres need no further embarrassments, for surely the suburban belt of playhouses has seriously affected their profits. If I were to live in a suburb, do you think that I should dream of coming into town to see a play, except occasionally, when I can see the "piece" played by a touring company at my own doors?

Mr. Edwardes's scheme is only tinkering. He may recoup himself, but managers can hope to get no great increase to their receipts until somebody tackles the primitive forms of transport from central London to the suburbs—those shocking trains, those lumbering 'buses with their smelly lamps. In fact, one has to be a very great enthusiast to put up with the painful uncomfartableness of moving about London at night, and yet by a curious irony theatre managers as a whole are decidedly opposed to the only body that is to improve transport, namely, the County Council.

The new lessee of the Gaiety Theatre, Johannesburg, is Mr. Leonard Rayne, who has been for some years past a prominent figure both as actor and manager in the theatrical world of South Africa. Mr. Rayne has a very attractive bill to present to the playgoers of the golden city—and their name there is legion—as soon as things have really touched normal once again. On latest advices from Cape Town Mr. Rayne was doing excellent business in the local opera house with (among other things) *The Prodigal Daughter* and, of course, a version of the inevitable *Sherlock Holmes*. In the former piece the young actor-manager had the privilege of introducing Mr. Harry Nicholls to a Cape Town audience. Theatrically speaking Mr. Rayne is a coming man in South Africa,

Plays and Players.

for in addition to his Johannesburg venture he is also joint lessee of the opera house at Port Elizabeth, and he has secured (for a short season in each case only) the sub-lesseeship of the opera house at Cape Town, the Theatre Royal at Kimberley, and the Theatre Royal at Durban.

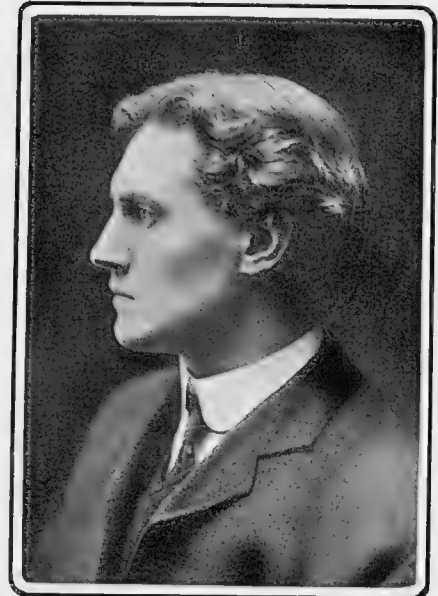


MR. LEONARD RAYNE

Miss Gladys Archbutt has just finished a very successful engagement in *The Babes in the Wood* at Bristol and is not yet thirteen. She began her career as a child in *The Silver King*, and it was while touring with that ever-green melodrama that she encountered Mr. Chute, the manager. Miss Archbutt is bright and has the gift of enthusiasm.



MISS GLADYS ARCHBUTT



MR. HENRY AINLEY
Who has made such a success as Paolo

Mr. Henry Ainley, whose engagement by Mr. George Alexander for Paolo in his production of *Paolo and Francesca* at St. James's Theatre drew renewed attention to the excellence of Mr. F. R. Benson's methods, has been an actor for only two and a half years. He joined Mr. Benson's company when it was at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, on October 2, 1899, and began his apprenticeship, as so many beginners do, by simply "walking on." The almost nightly change of bill that Mr. Benson makes enables him to find something each week for all his young actors of promise, and after a short time Mr. Ainley was kept busy learning parts.

During his two years with the company he appeared in a great number of old comedies and most of Shakspeare's plays—sometimes as a young man, often as an old one, to-night in a comedy, the next in a character part. With the exception of those two years with Mr. Benson and a little work as an amateur when he lived at Sheffield he made no special study for the stage. He had wished to become an actor and he became one. For the progress that he has made he gives all credit to Mr. Benson. He is a firm believer in learning to act with a good *répertoire* company. The recent successes made in London by Miss Lily Brayton, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Miss Margaret Halstan, Mr. Lyall Swete, and Mr. Oscar Asche—all of whom were Bensonians during his time—afford proof that that system is a good one. Mr. Ainley was born at Leeds twenty-three years ago.

I am glad to hear that *Arizona* has caught on at the Princess's, to which it has been transferred from the Adelphi. My enthusiasm for Mr. Thomas's brilliant play has led one correspondent to suggest that I am financially interested in the venture. Let me assure him that I have never staked a brass farthing in a theatrical venture in my life. I have praised *Arizona* because I admire it immensely.

A musical festival that has a dramatic side to it will be held at the Queen's Hall at the end of the month, when Herr von Possart will recite various masterpieces of literature to the music of Herr Richard Strauss, who will conduct. He is to give us *Manfred* and *Enoch Arden*, together with works by Heine, Schiller, and Goethe. The experiment is rather novel.

"Paolo" and "Francesca" in the Arbour.



W. & D. Downey

PAOLO: What is't you read?
FRANCESCA: It is the history
Of two who fell in love long years ago;
And wrongly fell



MR. PERCY FROSTICK (violinist)



MR. MICHAEL SANTLEY (singer)



MR. H. W. HARRISON (organist)

Mr. Percy Frostick, who has appeared about fifty times as solo violinist at Mr. Robert Newman's Queen's Hall concerts, was a pupil of Professor August Wilhelmj. On the occasion of his first appearance in public, in 1896, his master presented him with a most valuable Cremona, which he now always uses. Mr. Percy Frostick is a brilliant performer and a very great favourite of the public. His sister, Miss Dorothy Frostick, is playing in *Blue-Bell* at the Vaudeville.

Mr. H. W. Harrison, who was born in 1878, is a young organist of great promise. He studied first under Mr. Sheehan Dare, under whom he obtained his L.L.C.M. at the early age of eighteen. Since then he has studied under Sir Walter Parratt and Dr. Higgs at the Royal College of Music. At the present time he is pursuing his studies under Dr. Huntley. For several years he has been organist at St. Luke's, Hatfield, and deputy organist at Hatfield House, and has written several pieces for the organ.

Brouislaw Hubermann, who has reconquered the Viennese, is now in his nineteenth year. When he was quite a little boy he took Vienna by storm by his magnificent violin playing and his great delicacy and tenderness of feeling. At present he is touring in Germany, Russia, Finland, and Roumania, everywhere meeting with the same brilliant success which attended him when a child. England, who also heard him in his childish years, may expect to hear him again this summer; nor will she be disappointed, for critics of all lands are loud in his praise.

Mr. Frederic d'Erlanger has been long a prominent figure in London musical circles, where he is known as a talented and most enthusiastic amateur in the best sense of the term. He has now adopted our country as his own, and besides his own preference in dispensing with his familiar title of Baron—

From the Concert-room.

he is a member of the famous family of French bankers—the appendage in England, of course, carries no weight. At the outset of his musical career he wrote under the name of Frederic Regnal, and quickly became recognised as a most charming writer of



HERR HEINRICH LUTTER (pianist)

songs. His latest achievement was his pianoforte quintet which, led by Tivadar Nachez, achieved an instant and well-deserved success at one of the final "Pops." Mr. d'Erlanger played the piano part, and displayed a remarkably even and sympathetic touch and a brilliant technique into the bargain. He has composed two operas—the first being produced in 1894 at Hamburg and the last, *Inez Mendo*, being given at Covent Garden during the season of 1897.

Herr Heinrich Lutter, the Hanoverian pianist, who made so great a success here, is the court player to the reigning Prince of Waldeck Pyrmont, and is well known all over Germany as a soloist and player of chamber music, for which he has been much associated with Dr. Joachim. His father was a professor of the violin. He received all his early musical training in his native city, after which he went to Weimar and spent nearly ten years studying and in close friendship with Liszt, at the same time working at composition under the celebrated composer, Robert Volkmann. For the past ten years Herr Lutter has been a regular visitor to London, where he has taken pupils. He is a brilliant conversationalist and a good athlete, and during the spring and summer devotes all his spare time to cycling. His wife, who is an Englishwoman, is a clever pianist and an ardent cyclist.

Mr. Thiel Burnham is a very artistic and poetic-looking young American pianist, who has already played with much success in all the chief cities of the United States and also in London. He is a native of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and until he travelled East in search of further professional advancement he had studied in New York with Dr. Mason. Arriving in London some months ago he was first heard in private salons, and at last was persuaded to give a recital, at which, though he suffered from extreme nervousness, he showed his wonderful powers and a promise of a most brilliant future, for he was then only twenty. Then he decided to retire from the platform for more study, and is now working in Vienna under the famous Leschetitzky, who has the highest opinion of his pupil and extends to him the great advantage of constant personal companionship. Brahms heard Mr. Burnham play as a boy and formed a high opinion of his powers.



MR. FREDERIC D'ERLANGER (composer)



MR. BROUISLAW HUBERMANN (violinist)



MR. THIEL BURNHAM (pianist)

Miss Lilian Braithwaite as "Francesca's" Maid, "Nita."



Lizzie Caswall Smith

Where are my lady and lord Paolo?
Gone into the moonlight? It is well
For her to meet her lover when she choose
I cannot work. Where can my mistress be?

Miss Janet Alexander in "The Little French Milliner" at the Avenue.



Miss Janet Alexander plays the part of Lucy Brandon, a young wife who bought an expensive gown from Coralie and kept the fact from her husband

Fellowes Willson

The Bran Pie

Is poetry dying out now, as the critics sometimes tell us? Or is it as abundant and fine as ever, only with less response from the public? Or is it wider spread, but less regarded and less worthy of regard?

It is to be feared that we have no great poets writing now. Those, too, that win the public ear for verse have rather the gift of obvious and facile expression than of imperishable thought and style. And those who have the true poetic touch—the elusive, inexplicable, magical turn of word and thought—cannot keep it for long. The Celtic singer who opens up in one verse the endless vaporous vista of an enchanted forest in the next shoots over us a cartload of brickbat names from Irish mythology. The English lyrist gives us two exquisite lines and lets us down heavily on some forced or faulty rhyme. The poetic dramatist, after a magnificent outburst of blank verse, will decline on a lyric wherein a soldier laments the discomforts of the *march* with the chink, chink, chinking and the *parch* :—

There was once a young fellow called Powello—
(So his brother pronounces the vowel O)—
When he went on the march
He was caught by the parch,
And he came back as limp as a towel O!

In this general attainment of high but occasional excellence only one well-known writer of verse can be confidently reckoned on for never getting near real poetry. His name it is hardly necessary to mention :—

The ruler of the British state
May make a bard a Laureate;
But it is something more than hard
To make the Laureate a bard.

What is the conclusion that one comes to on looking through any collection of modern verse? It is not that the standard of poetry has been lowered; in fact, when one compares the specimens of early and middle Victorian poets of any but quite the first rank in any anthology, say Mr. Quiller-Couch's *Oxford Book*, with those of the present or recent "minor" poets, one wonders how the elder singers were ever thought to be considerable, as we know they were. But the earlier men bulked larger; they wrote far more, and they were more read and talked about. They certainly were not better writers, and their technique was slipshod. For which reason they are becoming increasingly forgotten; while the new men have very little chance of ever being remembered enough to be forgotten.

Poetry is not in the air now. Each age has its natural, or at least fashionable, form of expression in literature. In Elizabeth's time everybody did, and many could write songs and drama. In Restoration times everybody did, and many could do witty comedies and satires. Queen Anne times killed the comedies and brought philosophic couplets to go with the satires. So with other times. The same man, with the same inspiration (if any), waking in one land and century will write an epic; in another a drama; in another a novel; in yet another a sermon. We do not now think in verse, except a few of us; and so we only write verse, for the most part, when we cannot help it. Hence our singers have sweet notes, but very few.

But if anyone wants to write poetry that will be remembered after him, if by chance it is seen by anybody of critical power, my counsel to him would be to study the music of verse. Inspiration may come, but inspiration without technique is a babbling idiot. Nothing is more pathetic than to read the confidences of some of the half and quarter poets of the past and see how wholly they were possessed with the consciousness of their own inspiration, with what reverent awe they regarded the coming of the divine breath, and then to look at the stuff they actually wrote. The more they were filled with inspiration, indeed, the worse they wrote, for they felt, perhaps, that it would be a profanation to touch what must be perfect. A man has to be a considerable poet to alter and polish as many of the greatest poets have done.

Artistic form is the cup; if it is precious of material and beautiful of shape, then, though it is never filled with the wine of the gods, it is worth keeping and cherishing; but if the cup be common and ill-shapen, we drink the wine out and cast the vessel away—unless its own cracks have let the liquor out long ago.

Why is it that hymns in particular are, as a rule, so vilely written? The priests of old were forbidden to sacrifice a lame victim on the altar. Why should we be allowed to offer up lame verses?

ADRIAN ROSS.

Concerning Recent Books

The most interesting chapter, perhaps, of an opportune work, Dr. McCall Theal's *The Beginning of South African History*,¹ is that describing the great part played by the Portuguese in the past. How and why Spain and Portugal became, in Bacon's phrase, "a windfall upon the sudden" is a lesson to the country which has been the chief inheritor of their commerce, colonies, and conquests. Christendom, however, should not forget to Portugal in her decline and fall the debt, I might almost say, of her existence which she owed to that adventurous country when at the height of her power. "The discovery of an ocean route from Europe to India, followed by the establishment of the Portuguese as the preponderating power in the East, is one of the greatest events in the history of the world. It is not too much to say that every state of Central and Western Europe was affected by it. The time was critical, for the Turks were then menacing Christendom, and if they had secured a monopoly of the Indian trade their wealth and strength would have been so augmented that . . . the whole world would have been theirs if the Portuguese had not just in time forestalled them." The cause assigned by Dr. Theal for the decline and fall of Portugal confirms a superstition of my own—that what Madame de Stael considers the secret of existence is certainly the secret of national existence—*Le secret de l'existence c'est rapport de nos peines avec nos fautes*. "The lucrative slave trade occupied the minds of the Portuguese sea captains, and this commerce in human flesh was regarded as highly meritorious because it brought heathens to a knowledge of Christianity. But never has a mistake or a crime led to more disastrous results; for to the introduction of negroes as labourers in the southern provinces of Portugal the decline of the kingdom in power and importance is mainly due." Bob Lowe's motto for his proposed match tax—*Ex luce lucellum*—might have been adopted by these pious Portuguese slave-traders and by Christians nearer home, whose missionary zeal is about equally disinterested.

I am reminded by a most interesting biography, *Career and Correspondence of Sir William White*,² that the "murder of an entire nation," to quote Guizot on the partition of Poland, has not yet been expiated as, according to my superstition, it ought to be; but you must remember the adage Plutarch cites, "The mills of God grind slow, but the flour is fine." The Russian tyranny of that day certainly ground small enough, since it even prescribed the universal wearing of what it styled "the cylinder of civilisation"—the chimney-pot hat—to the Poles! Sir William White, the greatest of our ambassadors, was almost a Pole, brought up as he was in that country, and the political knowledge there and thus acquired was afterwards invaluable to him. The contrast between his strength and the shilly-shally feebleness of the Government at his back is often brought home to you, but never so vividly as in this description by Sir Robert Morier of Lord Salisbury: "For the ultimate success of your policy you would require to have at your back a man with the very newest repeating rifle, very sharp balls and very dry powder, and not a Philistine carrying a blunderbuss loaded with cowdung." By the way, here is a striking sentence from a letter of Lord Salisbury to Sir William: "The Power that can establish the best footing in China will have the best part of the trade of the world."

Mr. Henry Harland's *The Lady Paramount*³ is a daintily-done bit of work, and especially daintily done is the portrait of Susanna herself. How she found her Lord Paramount and, like Portia, made all over to him, and most of all herself, is told as Mr. Harland has led you to expect a love story by him to be told. I think, though, such forced phrases as this unworthy of Mr. Harland: "The faint perfume of her hands caused cataclysms in his heart." The plot of *The Court of Destiny*⁴ recalls that of Dickens's *Great Expectations*; but whereas you have no desire to see or hear of Provis again, you would have been greatly pleased to see or hear again of the resuscitated Irishman—half hanged for the manslaughter of his sweetheart's assailant—but he disappears immediately after the doctor has restored him to life, and with his disappearance your interest collapses. Your interest in another story of the resuscitated dead, *Lepidus the Centurion*⁵ also collapses with his revival, since the old Roman is neither interesting, amusing, nor convincing in his uncongenial modern environment.

MILES BARRY.

¹ THE BEGINNING OF SOUTH AFRICAN HISTORY. By George McCall Theal, Litt.D., LL.D. With maps and plates. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)

² SIR WILLIAM WHITE, FOR SIX YEARS AMBASSADOR AT CONSTANTINOPLE: HIS LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE. By H. Sutherland Edwards. (London: John Murray.)

³ THE LADY PARAMOUNT. By Henry Harland. (London: John Lane.)

⁴ THE COURT OF DESTINY. By G. G. Chatterton. (London: John Long.)

⁵ LEPIDUS THE CENTURION: A ROMAN OF TO-DAY. By Edwin Lester Arnold. (London: Cassell & Co.)

THE AUSTRIAN LOURDES. By Janet Achurch.

[Miss Janet Achurch, the well-known actress, has recently been on a visit to Styria and sends us the following interesting article and illustration concerning an episode in her journey.—ED.]

It is extraordinary that so little is known in England of Maria Zell, one of the oldest and most interesting pilgrimage stations of Europe. It may fitly be called the Austrian Lourdes, for the same strange mixture of nationalities, ranks, and ages pour through it from May to September.

But whereas Lourdes until 1858, when it was believed the Virgin appeared and took the place under her special protection, was only a small manufacturing town with a picturesque situation and an ancient castle like a thousand others, Maria Zell has an unique and unbroken historical record dating from 1150.

It appears that in the early part of the eleventh century the fame of a certain holy shepherd, who performed wondrous cures in the Carinthian Alps by means of a wooden figure of the Virgin, spread far and wide among the neighbouring countries. How this image arrived at the spot in Styria where it now rests is uncertain; it seems most likely to have been brought by a sort of commission of priests to this place as being more central than the remote mountains where it first worked miracles. The real history of Maria Zell, however, may be said to have begun in 1260, when Heinrich, Margrave of Moravia, and Agnes, his wife, after they had both suffered for years from incurable sickness, were inspired to make a pilgrimage to Maria Zell and to offer up prayers for their recovery in the little tent which then sheltered the wooden statue or Gnaden-Bild as it is still called.

Whether it was the wonder-working powers of the little wooden image or the well-known pine-impregnated air of the neighbourhood which worked the cure it is a matter of history that the Margrave and his wife recovered at this spot, and so out of gratitude Heinrich erected the small round chapel, called the Gnaden Kapelle, which still stands in the centre of the queerly-assorted church. About 1363 Ludwig I. of Hungary, who when engaged in warfare with a vastly superior force of barbarians was visited in a dream by the Virgin and encouraged to lead his small army on to victory, as a thank-offering built round the chapel a much larger church in the Gothic style with a striking centre tower, and thus completed the building which year after year, century after century, has been the goal of worshipping pilgrims.

Though the incongruities of the architecture, inside and out, produce a somewhat bizarre effect the church is not without a certain grace of its own; inside especially its treasures are almost innumerable.

In the centre chapel is the famous silver altar with its silver gate presented by Maria Theresa. This gate is formed of slender silver columns through which the silver shrine is seen. It is guarded by two life-sized silver angels swinging jewelled censers. The immense silver-gilt sun rays which form its background pierce the shadows when the candles are lighted at evensong to the very roof of the building with the glow of a veritable sunset. But it is only the setting of the guardian saint of the place; the quaint little wooden doll, holding the baby doll in its stiff-jointed arms, is draped in a robe stiff with

gold and jewels. This dress is of almost priceless worth and has, moreover, been worked by royal hands.

We arrive at the church at an interesting moment, just at close of evensong. The crowd of worshippers, among whom a newly-arrived band of pilgrims display their gorgeous banners, nearly fill the church. The fashionable season, during which half the aristocracy of Roman Catholic Europe pours through Maria Zell, is over for this year, and most of the people present to-day are poor; nevertheless we can discern a sprinkling of the rich. A hat in the latest Vienna mode is bowed between the gaudy handkerchief of a Moravian peasant and the quaint black silk head-dress so familiar in the Salz Kammergut.

All down the nave and into the furthest recesses of the aisles glimmer the light of candles, not set up in holders but heated at the lower end and stuck in the pew rails, where the grease of centuries of guttering candles—literally centuries—makes an easy "sticking place." There are candles of every size and description, from the tall and elaborately gilt and painted candles, through every grade, down to mere tapers and the modest little coils of wax recalling the spaghetti of the Italian warehouse. The very poorest has brought his or her—there is the usual preponderance of women—votive offering in wax; and the effect of all these earnest, rapt, excited faces upon which the myriad little flames cast such curious half-lights is a sight to see and remember.

A pause—while in the silver shrine two acolytes robe the priest for the supreme moment—and then the bell rings once, twice, thrice, and the host is raised; a crowd of pale, excited faces sweep upwards as one face to greet it, and the organ peals. A few moments more and the sacred office is at an end; the crowd of devotees breaks up, the candles are placed on the altars chosen by the pilgrims, little packets of rosaries and other treasures are taken to be blessed by a priest who lingers in a corner for that purpose, and the same crowd, which during the past half-hour has been raised to the dignity of a genuine emotion, dissolves into softly-whispering, gossiping groups, examining each other's candles as children examine each other's trinkets at a party.

Next morning we are ready for the well-renowned treasure chamber. The main entrance to the church is guarded on either side by its two founders, the Margrave and Ludwig I., with the legend of each inscribed on its respective pedestal. They are interesting as history but not as works of art. The centre tower is imposing and richly decorated though sadly defaced by the hand of the "restorer." Indeed, the whole building bears too plain marks of "restoration."

The interior of the building, in the main Renaissance, is tolerably commonplace. It has little painted glass. The ceiling and capitals of the columns are richly gilt and ornamented, and the organ-loft, with the story of the origin of Maria Zell represented in gold and ebony, is sufficiently gorgeous. The silver shrine, though losing its mysterious

charm by day, showed clearly how solid was its magnificence. But the most interesting feature was the Pillar of Atonement; it stands behind the shrine. Originally of red marble, it has grown black with the smoke of ages of sacrifice, for from the eleventh century till our own day processions of people have come and are coming, bringing their offerings to be burnt. Extraordinary scenes, almost unbelievable in these days, are witnessed before the pillar every summer. Band after band of pilgrims of every nationality, of every rank, arrive on foot, leaving their "vanities" as in Savonarola's time. There is a large vacant square before the pillar, and on this marble flooring the pilgrims drag themselves painfully on their knees, holding a candle in each hand, while their offerings are flung into the fire kindled at the pillar's base. The cries, the groans, the wails, the babel of different tongues make an effect unparalleled in Europe in our time.

Behind the pillar again is the second altar, where two enormous silver figures stand on either side of the huge silver globe presented by Charles V., which represents the map of the world as known in his time. This globe, which is hollow—you are not shown what is inside—has a dark bronze serpent coiled round it, not with tail in mouth as a token of immortality but intended to represent sin trailing its slimy length over the whole globe.

Up some stairs a frescoed door leads to the world-famous treasure chamber. Here we lingered long, but space only permits me to mention a few of its priceless curiosities. The altar, at which in the pilgrim season mass is held daily, is of solid silver in the form of a tent. The Gnaden-Bild is here repeated. A copy of the original, painted on glass, is upheld in a richly-jewelled gold frame by two silver angels. The whole altar is overladen with jewelled ornaments presented at different times by notable persons. The altar table itself was given by Maria Theresa in 1769; it is, of course, silver inlaid with silver-gilt medallions—portraits of the Hapsburg family.

All round the schatz-kammer are cupboards with glass doors in which are piled the accumulated offerings of centuries. Some of these are exquisite works of art, some have a vast historical value, some are merely interesting through their costliness, but as a whole the collection is unique in the world.

Last of all the wonders in this most wonderful chamber is the dolls' wardrobe, for here, laid out in silver paper in drawer after drawer, lie hundreds and hundreds of garments for the little people downstairs. They never vary in shape—a round robe with a hole for the larger figure, a little apron with a hole near the top for the tiny one. Velvet of every colour sewn with pearls, with rubies, with diamonds, blue satin and white silk so covered with gold embroidery that the original stuff can hardly be seen, and with a pattern of flowers formed of jewels of appropriate colour, the leaves being made of emeralds, some worked by Maria Theresa, some by her daughter. Scarcely a crowned head of Austria but has given or worked a dress for the "Image of Mercy."

The Austrian Lourdes: Maria Zell in Styria.



Current Sports and Pastimes.

Bowls v. Cricket.—The bowling greens which have recently been added in the grounds of the Crystal Palace promise to be exceptionally good ones, and in time will probably be hard to beat anywhere. They are situated close to the London County Cricket Ground, over whose affairs "the Doctor" holds sway. Dr. Grace is one of those who evince a deep interest in all he takes up, throwing himself heart and soul into it, no matter whether it be cricket, hunting, shooting, bowls, or even ping-pong. As a result he excels in all he does, and as a player of bowls takes some beating, though amongst those who play at the Crystal Palace there are one or two who run him very closely, notably, Mr. W. L. Murdoch of Australian cricket fame and Mr. J. R. McCallum.

Cricketing "Cast-offs."—There are numerous instances of cricketers who have been dropped by one county turning up trumps for another. Perhaps the best-known names are Mr. C. B. Fry, Mr. C. M. Wells, Mr. R. N. Douglas, and Braund; all of these were "the rejected of Surrey," Lockwood, who was not thought good enough for Notts, and Rawlin and Tyler, who were discarded by Yorkshire and Worcestershire respectively. Mr. H. B. Chinnery, too, was at one time a more than useful member of the Surrey team, but of late years he has appeared on occasions in the Middlesex eleven, and only last June scored a century against Gloucestershire at Lord's.

C. B. Fry on Himself.—Mr. C. B. Fry appeared for Surrey against Warwickshire at the Oval in August of 1891 while still a Repton schoolboy, and scored bowled West 3, and not out 0, Surrey winning the match by ten wickets. This was his solitary appearance, and no doubt he would have played again had he been asked. As Mr. Fry himself says in *The Book of Cricket*, "Since that match ten years have passed away, and to-day Mr. Fry is now one of the great players of the world." The Surrey committee must often curse their own lack of foresight in allowing so fine a player to slip through their hands.

Braund and Lockwood.—Braund, who did so well in Australia for Mr. MacLaren's eleven and who recently scored 104 against the Australians, is another man whose loss Surrey must deeply deplore. Braund is one of the best all-round cricketers in England, and is certain to get a place in one if not all of the "test" matches this season. Mr. C. M. Wells, Mr. R. N. Douglas, and Mr. H. B. Chinnery are three more examples of men whom Surrey has passed over. One is inclined to think that there must be something wrong somewhere at the Oval when the abilities of men of the type I have named are evidently not appreciated. Lockwood is a Nottingham-born

man, but when tried for the county of his birth did little or nothing. Departing for the Oval, Notts soon discovered their loss, and now no England eleven is complete without him. He is one of the greatest bowlers who ever lived, and on the testimony of everyone who has met him sends down at times a most unplayable ball.



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V. F. S. CRAWFORD

The "Jessor" of the Surrey eleven

Rawlin and Tyler.—Rawlin was born in Yorkshire, but though he appeared frequently for the county eleven he never quite succeeded in gaining a permanent place in the side. For many years past he has been invaluable to Middlesex, the county of his adoption, his best season being 1894, when he took 104 wickets for 14 runs apiece and had a batting average of 22. Though in his forty-fifth year Rawlin is still good enough for the best Middlesex eleven. Tyler, whom Worcestershire did not encourage, did wonders for Somerset in the bowling line, 1892-5 being his best years. He bowled very slow left hand, and on slow sticky wickets was extraordinarily successful. He has now dropped out of the Somersetshire eleven, but together with Mr. S. M. J. Woods and Mr. L. C. H. Palaret he did much to establish the fame of Somerset cricket in the early nineties, about the time when the county was made first-class.

Wintry Cricket.—The Australians must have gone away with a poor opinion of an English summer after their experience at the Crystal Palace on the opening day of their tour. The wind was terribly cold and the temperature somewhere about 38. The accident to Mr. Trumble is evidently more serious than was at first thought, and his absence from the team for the next few weeks will be severely felt. On any wicket he is a formidable bowler, but more particularly so when the ground helps him. Too much reliance should not be placed on the form shown in the game at the Crystal Palace, for the weather was of so appalling a description from a cricket point of view as to quite upset even the most hardened Englishman—not to mention a newly-arrived Australian.



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J. R. McCALLUM

W. G. GRACE.

W. L. MURDOCH

Bowls is now quite a popular pastime at the Crystal Palace. Last week on the first day of the match between London County Club and the Australians W. G. Grace, W. L. Murdoch, Major Wardill, and one of the Australian eleven amused themselves with a game of bowls while waiting for the rain to cease

The Other Fry.—Mr. E. W. Dillon will not be in residence this term at Oxford, but he will no doubt play in the trial matches away from Oxford and appear in the 'Varsity match at Lord's. Mr. K. R. B. Fry, who has been scoring so well at Cambridge, is a freshman from Cheltenham and a cousin of C. B. of that ilk. He appeared two or three times for Sussex last August without doing anything out of the way, but showed promising form. He is a batsman of the hard-hitting type and considerably above the average as a wicket-keeper. It is early in the season to prophesy, but with anything like luck Fry ought to be certain of his blue.

Artificial Wickets.—The "illegalising" of the artificial preparation of wickets is the best thing the M.C.C. has done for a long while. It will tend more to do away with excessive scoring than altering the l.b.w.

Llewellyn will be chosen to play for England, for in addition to his bowling he is a brilliant field at mid-off and a dashing bat. He cannot be more than four-and-twenty so his future in the cricket world should be a big one.



VICTOR TRUMPER

One of the best of the Australian batsmen

rule. At any rate it has received the warm support of cricketers of all grades, which was more than could be said for the proposed alteration in the law of l.b.w.

A Great South African.—Llewellyn, the Hampshire professional, who bowled so successfully for London County against the Australians, is a South African. His first appearance in important cricket was against Lord Hawke's South African eleven at Maritzburg in 1896. His left-handed bowling was highly thought of by the Englishmen, and it was, I fancy, on the recommendation of Colonel R. M. Poore that he came to this country in 1899 and qualified for Hampshire. He had just previously shown capital all-round form at Johannesburg, playing for the South African eleven against Lord Hawke's second South African team. He was not, of course, eligible to play for Hampshire until the necessary two years' qualification had been completed, but he was allowed to play for the county against the last Australian eleven, when he particularly distinguished himself, scoring 90 in his first innings and dismissing seven men on a perfect wicket.

A Player with a Future.—Against the West Indians in August, 1900, he again showed good form, taking thirteen wickets and making fifty odd runs in one of his innings. This summer Llewellyn has been playing exceedingly well; his latest feat has been clean bowling the famous Clem Hill for 0 and 7. There are more unlikely things than that

Yorkshire v. M.C.C.—

The Yorkshire and Marylebone match at Lord's was disappointing in every way. To begin with, the weather was more suited to football than to cricket, and the club was represented by a ridiculously weak batting side. Again, the experiment in the law of l.b.w. was hardly a success. Only one man—Storer—was out under the new rule, and little was gleaned as to the merits or demerits of the innovation. The opponents of any alteration in the law have always argued that this so-called leg play is greatly exaggerated and

Theory or Practice.—As everyone knows the question is a contest between the old school and the modern school, with this marked difference, that whereas on the side of the modern school are scores of men of a past generation you will not find more than two or three modern cricketers agreeing with the views set forth by the old school. Whatever the result—and for myself I feel confident that the modern school will gain the day—I earnestly hope that if ever the matter should come up again for discussion it may not be referred to a general meeting of the M.C.C., for—and I say it with every respect and with no intention of being discourteous—there are too many members of the M.C.C. who know absolutely nothing about the game of cricket. How, then, can they be competent to vote on a subject on which some of the greatest cricketers in the world hold different views?

Cricketers' Complaint.—Let the M.C.C. appoint a strong sub-committee of twenty-five to thirty members, practical cricketers who understand the game thoroughly, and let the matter be referred to them for discussion; but to put so important a matter before a general meeting is not the best way to legislate for the game. One other point, a serious cause of complaint amongst cricketers, is that on the M.C.C. committee the modern cricketer is not sufficiently represented. How many men actually playing in first-class cricket to-day are to be found on the committee of the M.C.C.? Two, perhaps three; certainly not more. It is, of course, true that practically every man on the committee was at one time a first-class cricketer, but my point is that cricket is in a state of constant change and development, and that the cricketer of twenty years ago is not always the best judge of the cricket of to-day.



W. ARMSTRONG

One of the Australian cricketers who is paying his first visit to England

that the proposed alteration will have little effect on good wickets, while on bad wickets the game is quite difficult enough as it is, and the scoring small enough to satisfy even the most ardent advocate of the days when forty was a big individual score. To test the rule thoroughly a strong bowling side should be pitted against a strong batting side on a good wicket; in that case I would not mind wagering that there would be no appreciable diminution in the scoring.



W. P. HOWELL

Who may possibly prove the most successful of the Australian bowlers

THE CONSOLER

A COMPLETE STORY. By F. Frost.

"No, Jack, it would be a hideous failure. I must marry my ideal or not at all."

Irene rose from her chair beside the shabby spring fire and moved a little unsteadily to the open window. Jack Lester watched her, half dismayed, half amused.

"You see," she went on, "I have my mission. Now don't laugh and please don't swear. Some women are satisfied with love or with money, or with both; but I—I ask more of life; I ask to fulfil my mission—no easy matter." Jack groaned. He had heard about this mission before. Irene leant against the window frame, her fine eyes misty with—was it enthusiasm or was it love? Lester curbed a wild impulse to test that question and stood to his guns on the hearthrug.

"All my life," said Irene, apparently addressing the distant hills, "I have known that I am not a free agent. My name is my fate, 'Irene,' that is 'Peace,' a comforter, a consoler."

"I like a comforter round my neck," said Jack, but she heeded not and went on:—

"I am appointed to be a great consolation in affliction. How, then, can I marry a spoilt darling like Captain Lester, rich, handsome, and happy?"

"Let us underline the 'darling,'" interrupted Jack taking a step towards her.

Irene's abstraction deepened. "Ever since I was a little girl," she continued in confidential tones to a spray of yellow jasmine that was looking in at the window, "I have known that for me there can be no ordinary marriage. I aspire to love a pauper, hopeless, helpless, rejected of other women, and, if possible, broken-hearted; him will I gladly marry and"—she drew a long breath—"him I will console."

"Curse him!" said Jack Lester.

Irene shuddered.

"I'll get rid of my money somehow," he added, "then the women will refuse me fast enough. Really, Irene, I think I might take the part; couldn't you at least rehearse it with me, Queen of Consolers?" Irene eyed him with regretful disdain.

"You are prosperity incarnate" she answered; "you have £20,000 a year, and I am the first woman to refuse you!"

"You are the first to have the chance."

"Bah! they're all dying to accept you, the cats! But it is useless," she added. "Life with such a favourite of fortune would crucify my most sacred ambition. You are sleek and well-liking; you purr all the time. Ugh!" her disgust deepened, "you are what men call a 'good fellow'; sorrow and want have nothing in common with a tie or a record so immaculate as yours!" Jack subdued a grin and leaning back against the mantelshelf yawned elaborately.

"Don't do that," said Irene. Their eyes met and hers fell.

"Irene," he said as he took her hand, "if I were poor and rejected would you marry me to-morrow?" She hesitated.

"Would you?" he insisted.

"Not to-morrow."

"The day after will do as well. Good-bye till then."

Mrs. Valatin was a yearling widow, inconsolable because unconsolated; yet Captain Lester in his haste to fulfil the conditions of

his fate thought there could be no one more likely to reject him. He was no favourite of the lady, whose late husband had frequently forsaken the joys of the domestic hearth for the bachelor attractions of Jack's company. Yet when Jack left her sunny drawing-room that spring afternoon he was, in spite of his rueful appearance, an accepted suitor.

"It is all my confounded money," he complained to Lord Royton, his best chum; "I must get rid of that before any woman will give me the mitten. Look here, Frank," he added, "I know what we'll do. We'll go down to Newmarket to-morrow and, whatever happens, old Post-ethwaite shall put it about that you have made a pot of money and that I am beggared." (They went, and Royton made money, but that is not my story.)

"All right," drawled Royton, "you are a lucky dog, for money or no money Dana Purbeck, the girl I love, will never look at me."

But Jack was not in a sympathetic mood; he dismissed Lord Royton's love affairs with a hasty "Poor devil!" and rushed back to his chambers to consider the situation. Mrs. Valatin was off to Paris for a week, and Jack, in his extremity of unexpected acceptance, had sworn her to secrecy till his return. For a week then he was safe; his mind reverted to the present emergency. Having arranged to be beggared he reflected with satisfaction that he already possessed one necessary qualification for Irene's future husband, but only one, for he was still, alas! unrejected of woman.

"I mustn't risk another 'yes,'" thought he as his thoughts scampered over his lady acquaintances, seeking a reliable refusal.

"Ah! I have it. Diana Purbeck, Mrs. Valatin's sister, is just the girl I want. She is half engaged to Royton which makes it safe for me. I offered last week to drive her to that picnic on Thursday. Hurrah! she shall spurn me in the tandem."

But even this well-conceived plot was doomed to failure, for it was Mildred, and not Diana, Purbeck who stepped gaily into Captain Lester's dogcart on Thursday morning, explaining that her sister and Lord Royton had gone on by train. Jack made heroic efforts to entertain the young lady, but his thoughts wandered to Irene, and half unwittingly his tongue discoursed on matrimony.

"All women should marry," he asserted, "any fads or fancies that interfere should be—er—trampled on and twisted up."

"I shall never marry," lisped the fair one at his side, "the man I love is obdurate and—unconscious!" Her eyes danced with mischief, but his saw only Irene.

"Unconscious?" he echoed vaguely, "How's that? A motor smash?" Then suddenly he saw his chance ready to his hand. Here, now, before the next milestone he would propose and be refused, and then, tally-ho for the Queen of Consolers! Alas for the plans of men! Jack drove past that milestone with rage in his bosom and Miss Purbeck's hand on his knee.

"Thou art the man!" she had murmured amorously in reply to his tepid proposal, and Jack caught sight of himself perambulating the world with the Widow Valatin on the one arm and the enamoured Mildred on the other. Goaded by that ghastly vision he made a

desperate bargain that their "sweet secret" should be theirs alone for one ecstatic week! She consented and kept her word, although through out the day Jack writhed beneath her maiden innuendoes and her chaste proprietary smile.

"I prefer to drive back with Captain Lester," Diana Purbeck spoke with temper. Lord Royton scowled, and Jack, thanking an intervening Providence, hailed in Diana a refuge from the *tête-à-tête* drive home with Mildred.

"Royton seems sulky," he said lightly as they sped through the quiet lanes, the horses pulling for home, and the evening star winking to him allusions to Irene.

"He is insupportable" muttered Diana with husky rage.

"Good Heavens!" said Jack, amazed at her violence. "What has he been up to? But Royton is a first-rate chap, Miss Purbeck, worth forgiving in any case, I should say."

There is nothing more savage than the snarl of a handsome woman, but there were teardrops on the feather boa. Captain Lester reflected; Diana posed as a hard-headed young woman with two eyes to the main chance; it was surmised that Royton's poverty was the only bar to the announcement of their engagement. The lovers had fallen out; but they were lovers, and now that Royton had money they could marry at once. Jack felt his way. He could see no possibility of a third acceptance, but the horrid successes of the last twenty-four hours made him wary. If only Diana would refuse him he would have fulfilled the remaining condition; poor and rejected he would appeal to Irene, and she should console him to her heart's content. "Royton," he began cautiously, "has won a lot of money."

"What? When?" The feather boa curled with curiosity.

"Yesterday," said Jack, "at Newmarket." Miss Purbeck sat up. "What can you mean," she said, "and why on earth didn't he tell me?" Jack saw his opportunity. "I don't know," he said, "but I too have something to tell you, Diana. I also went to Newmarket; the wheel of fortune has given me an ugly fall, and it is a stricken man who now offers you his hand. Can you face bread and cheese with me?" She was deadly silent; Jack's hair rose on his head. Diana's clever brain was racing to her goal. "I can't accept Frank the very minute I hear of the money," she thought, "yet I dare not play fast and loose with him much longer. Captain Lester might be a strong card to play, and it might teach my sulky bear a lesson." The feather boa trembled with altruistic enterprise.

"Captain Lester," she whispered, "this is unexpected, but perhaps not altogether unwelcome." Jack's blood ran cold. "I should like time to consider; let us each be free till this day week." There was no reply, and for the second time that day Purbeck fingers bestowed on Captain Lester a modest caress. He, too, staring vacantly at the leader's ears, was working out a problem. With Mrs. Valatin on one arm and Mildred on the other, how should he accommodate Diana? Would she pioneer that ghastly trio or would she bring up the rear with ready access to his

ARTISTS IN THEIR STUDIOS

Mr. Briton Rivière, R.A., in St. John's Wood.



Photographed by Mr. Hodsoll and copyrighted by "The Tatler"

Mr. Briton Rivière was born in London, August 14, 1840. He was educated at Cheltenham College and St. Mary Hall, Oxford. He is known to the public of the day by a succession of beautiful pictures, most of which have been reproduced as engravings and mezzotints. One of the most famous of these is "The Lion and the Lizard," illustrated from "Omar Khayyám"; others are "Daniel" and "A Mighty Hunter before the Lord." Mr. Rivière is represented in the present Royal Academy by one picture, "Aphrodite." Mrs. Briton Rivière is a granddaughter of Sydney Dobell, the poet

coat-tails? "Whip behind," shouted a street boy at the corner, and the urchin on the axle squealed beneath the lash, while Jack, relieved by a vicarious chastisement of Diana, pulled himself together and addressed that lady.

"It shall be as you wish, Miss Purbeck," he said, "but, ahem, reasons connected with my loss of fortune, which is, you understand, complete"—this was a last bid for freedom, but the feather boa made no sign—"such reasons," he went on, "make it absolutely imperative to keep our secret for a few days; I know I may trust you in a business matter."

All through the watching hours of the silent night Captain Lester wrestled with a menacing procession of *fiancées*.

He was moping over his breakfast next morning when his man brought him a note.

"I shall be in at twelve o'clock," wrote Irene, "and wish to consult you."

Jack's spirits rose; a *tête-à-tête* with Irene was ever rich in possibilities.

Looking at least as woebegone as he felt he entered the presence.

"Good gracious," she exclaimed, "what a wreck. Is it influenza or ping-pong? Don't come any nearer, please. Sit down there—by the door." Jack, collapsing on the nearest chair, heaved a subterranean sigh and stared gloomily at his boots.

"It's all your fault," he said. "You do a lot of mischief—for a comforter."

Irene's eyes twinkled.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS ONLY

A Monthly Prize of £5 for the best Photograph

Until further notice "The Tatler" is offering a prize of £5 every month for the most interesting amateur photograph. Photographs (snapshots or time-exposures) may deal with any subject—sporting, social, theatrical, or eccentric. No photograph will be returned and the Editor reserves the right of publishing any photographs received, but for every photograph published payment will be made. The photographs should be carefully packed and addressed to the Kodak Editor, "The Tatler," Great New Street, E.C., and have the name and address of the sender clearly written on the back

"Matter? Why I've engaged myself to that Valatin woman and both her sisters and have got to marry the lot of 'em, I suppose, or else blow my brains out. That's all."

"Oh! that's all?" said Irene. "I understood from Mr. Postlethwaite that you have lost all your money."

Jack looked up and their eyes met.

The picture of the thrice-married pauper was too much for Irene. She threw back her pretty head and laughed till she wept.

"I'm going," said Jack.

Irene sat up, wiped her eyes, and appealed to the chandelier.

"Where?" she cried in tones of solemn invocation. "Where can I hope to find a man in more desperate case? Hard hit at Newmarket, the accepted suitor of"—her voice shook—"three fierce females, he will be social mincemeat before many hours are over, unless—unless—"

Jack took her in his arms.

"But what about the Widow Valatin?" he asked an hour later.

"She says she only wishes you had meant it."

"And—and Diana?"

"She and Lord Royton must apologise; they are coming to lunch."

"Still—there is Mildred. What am I to do with her?"

"Oh! Mildred's all right," laughed Irene. "Why, she and I planned the whole thing, you blind-eyed old darling."

Our Third Double Acrostic Prize Competition.

RULES FOR THIS SERIES

1. The series consists of thirteen double acrostics issued consecutively from April 2. THE TATLER will give to the solver who solves correctly the largest number of these a prize of £5, and two prizes of £3 and £2 respectively to those who solve the next largest number. It must be understood, however, that winners of first prizes in the previous competitions are handicapped one acrostic; winners of two first prizes are disqualified from winning any prize in this competition; winners of two second prizes are disqualified from winning a second or third prize in this competition, but can try for the first prize.

2. The uprights of the acrostics must be guessed exactly and no alternatives can be accepted. For the lights or cross-bars alternative guesses may be sent, but they must fit the light exactly. Not more than two words may be sent for each light.

3. It must be understood that the Acrostic Editor's decision is final in all cases, and that no correspondence can be entered into on any subject.

4. If two or more solvers "tie" in the competition special extra acrostics may be given for the guessing off of the "tie," or the prize may be divided among the "tied" solvers.

5. Answers must be delivered (addressed to "The Acrostic Editor, THE TATLER, Great New Street, London, E.C.") not later than first post on the second Monday following the date of issue, i.e., answers to the seventh acrostic (dated May 14) must be delivered not later than first post on Monday, May 26.

6. Solutions should be signed by a pseudonym of not more than twelve letters. "Made-up" names are the best. Female diminutives like "May" or "Mab" are objected to as leading to confusion. The real name and address must also be sent in. All names and solutions must be written most

distinctly, print letters being preferred. If the Acrostic Editor cannot read the solutions they will be disqualified. No exceptions can be made to the rules.

7. The pseudonym should be printed in large letters on the top of the page. Only one answer can be allowed on one sheet, and the sheets should be halves of note paper.

Double Acrostic No. 7 (Third Series)

Brief prefix to a free and joyous time.
Surcease from toil. I cannot find a rhyme.

1. All classes wish indeed that this would cease,
Not till the foe is conquered can be peace.
2. Granddukes of this to marry there have been
The daughter and granddaughter of late Queen.
3. Egyptian goddess; Roman ladies' craze;
River at Oxford where good oars they raise.
4. A Roland for an Oliver: I speak
Of those who do not turn the other cheek.

Solution of Double Acrostic No. 4 (Third Series)

1. F E R G U S
2. L O L L I P O P
3. O R A T O R
4. W E I - H A I - W E I
5. E D E N
6. R O L L I N G

Differences of spelling are accepted. 1. Fergus Hume, *Mystery of a Hansom Cab*. 4. Wei and Wei-Hei are accepted.

Correct answers have been received from—Aza, Ancestur, A-flat, Aramis, Amac, Aurelie, Antonio, Algo, Amsi, Agate, Addled-head, Atin, Aobopatal, Ariel, Arlen-car, Acrosticess, Aylwards, Alex, Bob's, Billum, Bird, Buttons, Blueloch, Babu, Babagee, Bumbo, Bacillus, Ben-trovato, Bellasis, Bhong, Babs, Bosso, Barum, Boven, Bessarabia, Beaconsfield, Benmor, Bamloc, Boudon, Bumbly-bee, Berth, Bydand, Blackie, Bon-bon, Beagle, Brownie, Blinko, Burlington, Coquitas, Clove-pink, Codling, Cornuto, Chaff, Cassandra, Chippie, Cinderella, Ches' ire-cat, Coomb, Clare, Changiabbut, Crumpsall, Centurion, Cockie, Cumpy, Cumshaw, Chums, Cherokee, Cobbler, Chinka, Coltie, Cardo, Christmas, Corporal, Clickles, Cafcaz, Charlock, Carus, Camac,

Candid, Duplex, Dugli, Debenture, Dorridge, Dunwood, Dodo, Daddy, Donna, Daffodil, Dafne, Dallas, Devilina, Derry, Dracula, Discoverer, Droit, Danesfort, Dolittle, Donovan, Doric, Drossas, Daphne, Depot, Emor, Elc, Ellhay, Eccles, Edreyn, Edina, Essespip, Enraw, Ellart, Essendon, Elfin, Elbo, Elogium, Eitnua, Evergreen, Eel, Frangipani, Fritz, Flamingo, Felday, Frisco, Finola, Fluff, Ferret, Florodora, Flosager, Flotsam, Flavia, Glanea, Guess-aright, Grappler, Gigas, Gipsy, Games, Garmore, Gander, Gamechick, Glevum, Glenhome, Gem, Golo, Hermit, Halroy, Hatrick, Herb, Hyflu, Herminia, Hoparch, Hadsel, Heather-bell, Hetty, Hibernia, Haiya, Halcro, Heckle, Hope, Ignota, Ignosi, Ishpelpol, Iolanthe, Ierne, Invicta, Inverladden, Iris, Indignus, Jonathan, Jako, Japanese, Jap, Jackgull, Jimp, Joko, Kifta, Kispig, Kram, Kenmor, Kelpie, Ko, Ladbroke, Laric, Lethe, Leonid, Loidis, Legumdoctor, Leucander, Liquidfuel, Lamplighter, Luck, Leather, Lucifer, Leaf-rule, Law, Lambro, Laggan, Laurier, Leamington, Lav, Mouse, Morden-boss, Minorca, Major, Malvina, Moon-face, Macwhitlow, Maggot, Mummer, Madcap, Mourino, Mindful, Motorcar, Monachus, Murgeon, Musty, Melma, Martin's-nest, Mariamne, Mudgie, Mintie, Mimic, Maoriland, Melitza, Magunota, Mimosa, Micat, Mancunian, Norreys, Northampton, Narola, Novara, Nimble, Noorie, Notrac, Nibs, New-beginner, Oh-girls, Outsider, Oubit, Ominate, Ooloo, Ouard, Opus, I oolea, Psyche, Pinky, Piebald, Penwoman, Piscator, Patience, Primrose, Pinkun, Picklock, Phunga, Polonia, Pippip, Penetrator, Pocahontas, Perugia, Patlamutla, Peveril, Petrol, Platypus, Pongkyle, Piccaninny, Perky, Porcupine, Polmont, Ping-pong, Ryde, Robin, Res, Ruffino, Ronin, Raebury, Rorymore, Rustica, Rosalie, Remenham, Rowbarton, Scolopax, Shamrock, Sec, Sterne, Spero, Semaj, Salemina, Silver, Saracen, Snevets, Selyom, Scaramuccio, Smarg, Seagull, Spinner, Steuma, Sweenytodd, Santoy, Shirley, St. Quentin, Sarnia, Solvo, Sparrow, Seeta, Sitsorca, Sirrom, Sturford, Simona, She, Skeddiddle, Spartan, Scamp, Seaforth, Totlander, Tubbs, Tucker, Tatlera, Tyne, Tosmac, Twoees, Tramp, Treca-stell, Trottiwee, Twig, Tinker, The-hen, Towy, Tipperary-boy, Triumvirate, United, Uncle-Stout, Usher, Uncle-Caslett, Vernon, Varvucus, Valentine, Victor, Wildfire, Wharfe, Waherne, Wybith, Wigwam, Warrat, WYST, Westwater, Winifred, Waratah, Wrlfruna, Wave, Wasp, Yenhow, Yoko, Yram, Yoicks, Yellow, Yamecir, Zeta, Zazel, Zany, Zingari, Zyzy, Zys.

The Acrostic Editor regrets that "Hetty's" answer to No. 1 arrived too late.

"Clare," "Esses-pip," and "Warata (Waherne)" are informed that no answers to No. 1 were received from them.

"Zingari" are informed that no answer to No. 1 was received from them.

"Dafne's" answers have been credited to that pseudonym.

"Victor's" answer to No. 2 arrived too late. No answer to No. 2 was received from "Twoees," "Dorymane," or "Babu." "Luck" had "Roos" for the sixth light.

JOTTINGS OF A JOURNALIST. By C. K. S.

There is no magazine that I read with more interest month by month than *Chambers's Journal*. It has early associations that are of the most invigorating kind, and moreover each successive number as it appears contains one or more articles that particularly appeal to the literary enthusiast. In the last issue, for example, there was some hitherto unpublished material concerning Sir Walter Scott; in the current number there is some fresh light on Hugh Miller and his wife from the pen of their granddaughter. *Chambers's Journal* is edited by Mr. Charles Edward Stuart Chambers, who is the chairman of the firm founded long years ago by William and Robert Chambers. The present Mr. Chambers is the grandson of Robert Chambers, the author of the famous *Vestiges of Creation* and many another book, and the great-nephew of William Chambers, who wrote that interesting *Memoir* of the two brothers that was a favourite book of mine in boyhood, a book that presented a most admirable picture of literary struggle followed by literary success.

Many of my earliest bookish recollections, indeed, are associated with the house of Chambers; my pennies were constantly being expended on the *Miscellanies*, which gave me in one issue the story of the "Man in the Iron Mask" and in others the "Life" of this or that celebrity. In fact, popular journalism has never reached a more intelligent point than it attained under the auspices of the brothers Chambers. Mr. C. E. S. Chambers is keeping up the reputation of his family. He has published *A Bibliography of the Works of John Leech*, he has edited the *Letters of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe*—better known to his generation by his initials than by his name—and he has provided his friends with a most excellent catalogue of his own private library. Mr. Chambers boasts quite a bevy of talented cousins, including Mrs. Barry Pain, Miss Liza Lehmann, and Mrs. Henry Norman, the wife of the member for Wolverhampton.

The eleven supplemental volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* should make good reading. They are to be the work of one thousand contributors, and the biographies of these contributors given in the prospectus of the volumes would seem to include almost every name known to us in the current work of to-day—Sir Archibald Geikie and Sir Robert Giffen, Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Leslie Stephen and Mr. H. B. Wheatley, M. de Blowitz and Mr. James Bryce, and so on through a long list. The first volume of the *Encyclopædia*, which is already out, takes us as far as "Australia." It is curious what a quantity of geography there is in the first volume, for it includes, of course, articles on Abyssinia and Africa, the river Amazon, and the Ardennes. There is also a great deal of science, while archæology and architecture make formidable inroads into the volume. Altogether the new volumes of the *Britannica* will be the most comprehensive as well as the most up-to-date effort to systematise—

The fairy tales of science and the long results of time.

It is understood that Mr. Lecky when he goes to the House of Lords will take the title of Lord Lecky of Carlow. Among other suggestions of titles at the coronation I understand it is considered exceedingly likely that a knighthood will be conferred on Mr. Gilbert Parker, M.P. This will be a compliment alike to his constituents, to Canada, and to literature.

I have received an application from Mr. Thomas Bowden Green, the secretary of the "Abatement of Street Noises" movement, asking me to sign a petition. The request is accompanied by a sheet of opinions of the press, from which I learn that *Mr. Punch* has waxed satirical against organ-grinding, that the *Globe* has expressed a hope that the day will soon come "when the barrel-organ, the coalman's bell, the milkman's yelding," will be banished from our



MR. C. E. S. CHAMBERS
Editor of "*Chambers's Journal*" and chairman of
W. and R. Chambers, the famous publishers

midst, and similar views are expressed by a number of other journals. Indeed, on this question the *Times* and the *Daily News*, the *Daily Mail*, and the *Daily Telegraph* would seem to be at one. I am sorry that I cannot in the least agree with these high authorities, and I regret to hear that "working men and women have eagerly joined in the movement."

Personally I like street noises. I am sorry that the watchman's call of the hours has gone, that the famous "Milk 'o!" and "Old Clo!" are all but vanished. As for the barrel-organ and piano-organ I would retain them as long as I could, and I never pass one without giving my humble copper. No doubt these modern crusaders will have their

way; they will in time make London an even more silent city than at present, but the more silent they make it the more dull they will make it. We have already ceased to be "Merry England," and the feeble efforts to revive the Maypole and other picturesque institutions of the past lack spontaneity. The abolition of street noises means a duller and a yet duller world. I hope, therefore, that Mr. Bowden Green, though he have the eloquence of all the daily press of London at his back, may not succeed in this further attempt at the materialisation of England.

In that interesting little paper, *Notes and Queries*, a paper that is a perpetual joy to me, I find some discussion as to the famous epigram on the four Georges, which has often been incorrectly attributed to Thackeray, doubtless solely from the rough-and-ready recollection that he lectured about those monarchs. The epigram which, of course, was by Walter Savage Landor, I have always heard rendered as follows:—

George the First was reckoned vile,
Viler George the Second;
And what mortal ever heard
Any good of George the Third?
When from earth the Fourth descended,
Heaven be praised the Georges ended.

But Mr. Stephen Wheeler, who is the best living authority on Landor, or at least shares that distinction with Professor Colvin, sends to *Notes and Queries* the following interesting version, written on the fly-leaf of a first edition of Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*:—

I sing the Georges Four,
For Providence could stand no more.
Some say that far the worst
Of all the Four was George the First.
But still by some 'tis reckon'd
That worse still was George the Second.
No mortal ever said one word
Or good or bad of George the Third.
When George the Fourth from Earth descended,
Thank God the line of Georges ended.

The same issue of *Notes and Queries* recalls the epitaph on Frederick Prince of Wales, of whom it was written:—

Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead;
Had it been his father,
I had much rather;
Had it been his mother,
Better than any other;
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her;
But had it been the whole generation,
The better for the nation.

It would seem that this well-known epitaph was not in the least original, but that long earlier an epitaph was written on a Cornish attorney, one Edward Hablan, that ran as follows:—

I Faith Ned,
I'm glad thou'rt dead;
But had it been another
I could a wisht had been thy Brother;
And for the good of the Nation
Thy whole generation;
But seeing thou'rt dead
There's no more to be said.

GOLF AND GOLFERS. By Garden G. Smith.

In spite of cold and stormy weather and a disastrous draw under which many of the best players had no chance of reaching the later stages of the competition, the amateur championship at Hoylake culminated in one of the most interesting struggles ever seen on the golf green. The final in 1899 at Prestwick, in which Mr. John Ball beat Mr. F. G. Tait on the 37th green, is sufficiently memorable not only for the actual play but from the individuality of the players, and Mr. Low's brave fight at St. Andrews last year against Mr. Hilton will never be forgotten by those who saw it; but no final that has yet been played has been more astonishing or more exciting in its developments than that between Mr. Charles Hutchings and Mr. S. H. Fry at Hoylake on May 2.

In the first place the prophets may well have been excused if they left both players entirely out of their calculations in forecasting the probable issue of the championship. Neither has ever reached the semi-final stage of the competition, and the age of Mr. Hutchings, who is fifty-three, and the comparative inexperience of Mr. Fry, fine player as he is, did not warrant their chances being seriously entertained against those of more tried and proved men.

Some of the latter, however, fell early in the fray to their peers and some were off their putts and were beaten by their inferiors, but not a few fell to Mr. Hutchings and Mr. Fry, who were both playing splendid golf all through the meeting.

Neither player was favoured by the draw, for Mr. Hutchings had to dispose of Mr. J. M. Williamson, Mr. Horace Hutchinson, Mr. F. McLeod, Mr. V. A. Pollock, and Mr. James Robb before the final, while Mr. Fry had an even more formidable task. He obtained a walk-over in the first round, but thereafter he beat Mr. Leathart, Mr. Laidlay, Mr. Hilton, and Mr. Maxwell.

Mr. Hutchings's play in the first round, when he went round in seventy-five strokes and finished eight upon Mr. Fry, was for a man of his years and in such weather nothing less than miraculous, and for Mr. Fry to start the second round eight down and yet bring the match to the last green was hardly less astonishing. Mr. Hutchings was visibly tired throughout the second round, but it speaks volumes for his pluck and endurance that he staved off Mr. Fry's relentless pursuit and emerged scatheless at the finish. We have never seen a fight where both victor and vanquished deserved and received so hearty an ovation. Altogether it was one of the most memorable matches ever played.

is a fine billiard player. The qualities of eye and hand required at billiards are invaluable at golf, and a good billiard player has usually little difficulty in picking up golf.

The defeat of the Scots golfers was as complete as it was unlooked for. Strong hopes had been built on Mr. Maxwell, and when he defeated Mr. Ball in the second round he was made a warm favourite. He played badly, however, against Mr. Fry, while Mr. Robb, Scotland's second string, visibly cracked when the pinch came in his round against Mr. Hutchings.

The death of Tom Dunn at the age of fifty-two, which occurred at Blagdon near Bristol on April 30, removes another link between the old golf and the new. He was the son of the famous Willie Dunn, one of the best players of the last generation, and his ancestors were ball-makers to King James I. In his best days Dunn was a fine player and played many famous matches, but to modern golfers he was best known as a teacher and green-maker. One or two of his sons follow their father's profession.

The first stage of the Parliamentary Handicap at Littlestone, for which there was a record

entry of 107, was chiefly remarkable for the badness of the weather and the wretched scores returned. Most of the competitors did fairly well against bogey on the outward journey, but coming home play was right in the teeth of the gale and the language was at times quite unparliamentary. It is distinctly trying after having played two full shots and an iron to have still to hole a putt of 24 ft. to halve with bogey. Yet this was a common experience at Littlestone in the Parliamentary Handicap, and a good many players lost every hole coming home. However, sportsmen of all sorts, cricketers as well as golfers, have had some unenviable experiences during the present month.



THE PARLIAMENTARY HANDICAP AT LITTLESTONE-ON-SEA

Mr. Guy Pym, M.P., drives off

Scorers will be sure to point to Mr. Hutchings's victory as an additional proof of the statement that golf is an old man's game. If age is to be measured by years golf is a game for old men as it is for young men, but it is a game which keeps a man young so that at fifty he finds his muscles and nerves as strong as at twenty-five. It is entirely due to golf that Mr. Hutchings at fifty-three looks to-day ten years younger, and from being a delicate man at thirty he is now as strong as possible with muscles and nerves of iron.

Mr. Hutchings is a crack shot and an expert fisherman, and like Mr. Fry



RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR

MR. ERIC HAMBRO, M.P.

MY LADY'S MIRROR

The First Night of the Opera.—The great event of last week from the point of view of the fashion chronicler was, of course, the first night of the opera. What with Nordica to delight and charm one of our five senses, and a perfect blaze of diamonds and flower garden of lovely toilettes to dazzle and appeal to another, it proved just as brilliant and wonderful a function as it well could be. Every woman is invariably at her best at the opera, for the simple reason that to wear one's best is obviously the surest means to putting on your best behaviour and feeling in peace and harmony with all the world, and everyone had come prepared to face the decorous fire of a battery of lorgnettes and opera glasses during the *entr'actes* and had therefore taken elaborate precautions that they should not be found wanting either in the major or minor details of dress.

An Important Consideration.—One of the very first reflections that occur to one on any occasion where evening dress is the consideration is the importance nowadays of possessing a really good opera coat. It was borne in upon me with more force than ever on the first night of the opera, and I do not remember ever having seen a better show than I did on that occasion. As a matter of fact the line of demarcation between the smart race and opera coat is often a very faint one—more's the pity, for to my mind an evening coat should be kept exclusively for evening wear; but nevertheless there were two or three light wraps which might easily have done duty for the races, notably a pale blue coat made of the finest faced cloth with a deep cape collar falling almost to the elbow of its own material cut into an effective *à jour* design and edged with the narrowest

black and white silk cord over an under cape of self-coloured accordion chiffon. The bottom of the coat was finished with three perfectly flat flounces of the material edged with black and white cord, and the whole was lined as far as I could see with gauged chiffon of the very palest buff. Another which likewise proclaimed its adaptability to perform both functions was of white panne cloth in the genuine kimono style adorned with bands of green and gold

Japanese embroidery and big pyramid-shaped green silk buttons with tassels worked in gold, not to speak of exceedingly wide Japanese sleeves caught into a kind of bag with buttons and tassels.

A Lovely Material.—I think, however, the prettiest material of all for the opera coat of the moment is the *changeantes* taffetas. In those lovely hues that introduce as many shades as you will

find in a pigeon's breast it is perfectly irresistible, and I have seen it made in shot pink, like an opal, with a deep Capuchin collar lined with gauged chiffon of the very palest sunset blue and edged with a thick ruche of its own material. It was lined to correspond with the collar, the sleeves being very full and gathered in tightly round the wrist to form a ruched frill, while the coat fell in very deep folds at the back, due, I suspect, to two or three rows of close gathers under the hood. In Paris, too, they are wearing ultra-smart evening coats or cloaks of *caméléon plissé* chiffon. One which I saw recently and which was supplemented by a collar of ivory lace was for all the world like the bloom on an apricot.



OPERA WRAPS À LA MODE

Coat of coarse Irish lace over caméléon-green taffetas with frills of pale green accordion-pleated chiffon and folded cape of chiffon caught in front with black velvet roses

Short cape of vandyked Alençon lace with trails of Austrian roses and chiffon frills

Other Wraps.—The pelerine continues to extend its boundaries amazingly. From begin-

ning with two or three exceedingly floppy frills of modest proportions it is growing increasingly wide, often of accordion-pleated silk or chiffon with a trimming of narrow gauze ribbon or ribbon velvet and a flat Charles II. collar of lace, which by fitting closely round the neck give it an infinitely more becoming appearance than the frills alone would do. For evening wear in *grand tenue* it has made even further strides, and the prettiest of little coloured chiffon capes—not necessarily composed of frills unless it is line upon line of the minutest flounces, but often gathered into soft puffs and lightly showered with flowers or petals, finished with tiny soft ends gathered into tassels at the bottom—are most effective to wear over the shoulders when the cloak has been removed.

A Mother-o'-pearl Boa.—Probably the ordinary rose-petal boa will become "played out" before very long, but there are certain developments of it which by reason of their very exclusive and costly nature will be reserved for the chosen few alone. One is the painted gauze boa which a very clever and up-to-date milliner has recently introduced. These are of opalescent—or to be more correct I should say mother-o'-pearl—rose petals, and produce such a lovely rainbow effect *en masse* that it is quite beyond my power to describe. In conjunction with diamonds and a *décolleté* evening dress the effect is, well—fairlylike in the extreme, and I have seen very much the same thing in painted gauze applied to hair ornaments, generally taking the form of butterfly wings or some such device. As a matter

of fact, iridescent effects are immensely popular just now, and the latest *bandeau* for the hair is formed of massed iridescent sequins with a small sequin rosette on either side, and instead of arranging it so that the *bandeau* comes round the front of the hair it is placed over the back so that only the rosettes are visible in front on either side. The wreath is by no means discarded, however, although it certainly seems to be giving way a little, so I suppose we shall very soon have tired of it, which is a pity considering that no more becoming hair accessory will ever be found.

Evening Gowns.—As regards evening gowns, in spite of the fact that the opera season is in full swing and balls and dances the order of the day—night, I suppose, I should say—there does not appear to be much that is very new in that line. Although many will perhaps regret that the *canard* concerning the abolition of trains at Courts has proved incorrect I must confess that personally I am glad to see that they are still to be *en règle* for all who present and are presented. The *débutante* enjoying the importance of her first real three-yard-long train is a delightful and pretty picture, and nothing is more becoming to a woman than the long graceful sweep of silken or satin draperies behind. The flounced skirts are becoming more and more fashionable, and I saw such a pretty white point d'esprit gown flounced to the waist, the frills graduating from about two inches deep to quite a foot and edged with narrow white velvet ribbon. The bodice was treated in the same manner over a very deep white satin ceinture, and the sleeves—likewise carried out in this *genre*—began below the shoulder and were caught up with triple bretelles of white velvet ribbon. Positively the only relief afforded was in the long trail of black and white velvet geraniums with foliage which was arranged on the left shoulder; but the gown was wonderfully effective nevertheless, though it was hard to discover wherein lay its special charm.

Race Coats.—I spoke a little way back of the similarity of the opera and race coat. All of us, however, have not the means to indulge a taste for a very elaborate garment of the kind for outdoor wear, and I hear a new thing in Paris, and in smart circles at home, is the long straight race coat of coarse linen sacking. It is even coarser than the material employed for the linen gowns of to-day, which is saying a good deal; it is unlined and ideally cool, the favourite model being made with a deep collar and piping in different light shades. The white silk race coat is another fascinating article of attire and nice, too, when carried out in tussore or in pale grey, and I am glad to see that in many instances it is made very simply, so that the price is quite possible for those not overburdened with this world's goods. I am of opinion, too, that with a muslin gown or one of very light material an ordinary heavy coat is apt to give it a "flattened-down" appearance, and consequently the lighter the outside wrap the better. Then a dust cloak should not give one the idea of fulfilling the avocations of a

MY LADY'S MIRROR.

dust trap, and for that reason a good many people reserve all the elaboration of their coats for the fronts, which can either be fastened across and so protected or thrown back to enhance the general effect.

The Favoured Colours.—White and green is essentially the combination of the moment—a pale lily-leaf green in conjunction with an



A USEFUL GOWN

Of navy blue canvas embroidered in hairpin work, bolero of écreu guipure, and vest of lawn and lace

season—grey, biscuit, or beige—black taffetas being also employed as the groundwork of the motifs of lace or embroidery down the front. Another method which I like exceedingly is to have the entire gown strapped over with graduated *bayadère* raw-edged straps of self-colour taffetas, so closely set together as to correspond with the width of the material between. I have seen this carried out very effectively in the costume department at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, on voile, and I think *éolienne* as well, which latter is always a charming summer material, very soft and amenable. The all-over lace gown will be even more generally worn this summer than last, but it is embellished with introductions of so many other fabrics that it has in many instances almost lost its primary character.

Supplements.—The buttons, ornaments, and baubles in general enjoy no less a measure of consideration than the actual materials of our gowns themselves. The prettiest things are the little crystal or paste balls which form the tassel to the taffetas or ribbon knots or bows which embellish our frocks. Then I have seen narrow velvet ribbon run through quite half-a-dozen or so of tiny paste buckles without any *raison d'être* except in the matter of ornament; and as nearly everything terminates in a tassel all manner of charming methods are employed in their construction. The fuchsia and flower tassels are still popular, and on the smartest and newest *pelerines* the ends are gathered into the similitude of tassels, and the same idea is carried out in the millinery. Everything is knotted, too, the most fashionable stocks being those wound like a bandage round the throat and twice knotted in front or brought low down and knotted over the bust. In the tailor-made river gowns the tie brought from either side under the coat and knotted over the bust is quite *le dernier chic*, though one can hardly without a stretch of imagination describe the idea as a new one. It certainly was a popular finishing touch to a tailor-made gown at least three years ago.

DELAMIRA.

"Delamira" will be delighted to answer through this column any question concerning dress, the toilet, and house decoration, all letters to be addressed to her, care of the Editor. Writers must give their name and address as well as a pseudonym for publication.

Paper patterns of any of the original designs appearing in "My Lady's Mirror" can be supplied, but to special measurements only, at 1s. 6d. for coats, bodices, or skirts, and 3s. for complete costume. All orders must be prepaid before they can be executed, and should be addressed to "Delamira."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

MILDRED.—Go and see M. Jean Stehr, 235, Oxford Street, or write to him if that is impossible; he is quite a genius in the matter of hair colouring and never recommends anything which he is not perfectly sure will be successful. He can produce any shade; you should cut a lock which has not gone grey and send it to him. Yours is a curious case altogether, but I can prophesy that you will benefit very much by a consultation.

JUNE.—Take the gown to pieces and have it made up on another lining. With so many pleats there should be plenty of material to work upon. Have it strapped with silk of the same colour and introduce the motifs of lace on the collar. You should get the curtains at John Wilson's Successors, Ltd., 188, Regent Street. They have such lovely and artistic designs and so inexpensive; you could look at the damasks at the same time.

ivory white; but into everything—gowns, coats, blouses alike—the sable touch of black is introduced. In the case of a lace gown it is almost a necessity, and it gives just the necessary touch to a gown of painted muslin, which is one of the most favoured materials for summer wear. A very good effect, too, is produced by the large flat black taffetas collar embroidered all over in the colour of the gown with which it is worn and adorned with motifs of lace. I have seen it introduced on the ultra-smart cloth dresses of the